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The Week

CLEMENCEAU'S letter to President Coolidge must cause a good deal of embarrassment to those American bitter-enders who supported the Tiger's war policies and are now numbered among the pillars of the administration. There is no doubt that they used to agree with him in thinking France was innocent of provoking the War, was the chief defender of civilization against the aggression of the Huns, and had been fighting our battle for three years before we got into it. Do they still agree? And if so, how can they justify attempting to recover the money we contributed, when France cannot recover her sons? There is only one possible fair answer for them to make. We are astonished, they might reply, that you now think France is unable to pay. Did you not voluntarily incur the cost of a complete military victory, which we loaned you the funds to finance, in the belief that the losses of the War could be repaid by German indemnities and that France could be further recompensed by territorial conquests? And to this Clemenceau could make only one frank reply: I was mistaken in thinking that victory could be profitable; the victors have suffered almost as much as the vanquished. We should like to see this debate carried to its logical conclusion; it would clear the atmosphere.

IT WOULD be unfortunate, we believe, should the French debt be canceled or scaled down merely on the basis of the sort of sentimental appeal made by Clemenceau. That would allow him to escape admitting the mistakes of his own policy, and it would fail to provide the salutary enlightenment concerning the War and its consequences which most Americans so sadly lack. There is a far better reason than this for cancelation. Admit that certain powerful groups and statesmen in France—though not the French people as a whole—shared the guilt of provoking the War. Admit that they were recklessly misled into carrying it on to the bitter end and turning it into a war for punishment, conquest and European hegemony. Admit further that their post-war policy of maintaining the fiction that they could recover indemnities while suppressing German economic recovery, and could also carry on profitable colonial wars, was disastrous. And, having admitted all these things, face the economic fact that it will be very difficult and painful, if not impossible, for the French people to pay large annuities to the American for the next two generations. If it was mistaken and ungenerous to attempt to victimize Germany by enormous contributions to the Allies, it will be equally unwise for the United States to attempt to collect large sums from France. This attitude is realistic, it is good logic, and it will genuinely aid the future pacification of the world.

THERE is one passage in Clemenceau's appeal, however, which has a basis in fact better understood in France than on this side of the water. What does he mean by the "sale of France"? What does he imply when he says that this government is "dealing with fictitious dates of payment in order to arrive at a loan with good mortgages on our possessions, as in the case of Turkey"? Unless we are seriously mistaken, he refers to the

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possibility elaborated at some length in the New Republic when the debt settlement was negotiated. The American Treasury, setting the payment of huge sums at distant dates, did not expect them really to be made. These are the "fictitious dates." The settlement was insincerely agreed to, nevertheless, because it provided a basis for further loans by American private bankers, which were to be extended on the security of mortgages on French public and industrial property. Thus American capital was to gain a foothold, if not a controlling interest, in French economic life. It is rumored that Caillaux's failure to negotiate a debt settlement when on the brink of success was due to his refusal to agree to the New York bankers' demand for a mortgage on the French railroads and a supervision of French treasury accounts, in return for the proposed new loan which was the real incentive for the French desire to settle. Did Berenger concede what Caillaux is supposed to have withheld? It was a fear of such mortgages on the future which played a large part in defeating the recent Briand-Caillaux Cabinet which, in supporting the experts' plan for saving the franc, was to rely on new foreign loans. There have been recent rumors that the Poincaré Cabinet was wavering in its opposition to the debt settlements and foreign aid. Clemenceau may have used this means of strengthening its backbone. It is reasonable and enlightening to interpret all the debt moves in the light of the American bankers' desire to increase their holdings in Europe.

DR. MORITZ J. BONN of the University of Berlin, speaking at Williamstown, recently made some keenly interesting comments on the new Franco-German commercial treaty. One of the important causes of the War and the difficulties after it was the rivalry between German and French iron, steel and coal interests. The Lorraine iron industry depends on Ruhr coke. France, which has iron but not coal, had this motive, among others, for occupying the Ruhr and insisting on reparations, which consisted largely in coal deliveries. But the French iron industry also needs markets, of which Germany is one of the most important. The German iron and steel concerns in turn wanted to sell in France. Until January 1, 1925, Germany was bound by the Versailles Treaty to take French iron to the amount of the pre-war production of Lorraine. On that date, however, she was privileged to erect a tariff barrier, and did so. The recent agreement between the steel interests of the two countries allotting markets and output provided a temporary solution, which paved the way for the conclusion of the commercial treaty. All this is in the interest of peace. But, asks Doctor Bonn, once the great industrial concerns cease relying on the several national political units to advance their causes and come to agreements across boundaries, who is to control them? Will not international government be the only protection a[illegible] exploitation of labor and the consumer?

THE demand of the Knights of Columbus that the United States intervene in Mexico on behalf of the Catholic church is in the highest degree unwarranted and unwise. It is unwarranted because by any sensible interpretation of international law the situation in our neighbor republic is a domestic matter in which we have no right to interfere. It is unwise because if our government did what the K. of C. asks the effect would be just the opposite of what the organization seeks. It shows a singular lack of imagination not to know that this is true. The majority of the Mexican common people are Catholics and opposed to the regulations recently promulgated by President Calles. But they also distrust, fear and hate the United States. The news that this country was using the threat of its superior force to try to bully Mexico into doing our bidding —which is what the K. of C. really asks—would instantly consolidate the whole nation behind Calles in resisting to the last ditch this gringo insolence. It would make his position far stronger and lessen the chance, which now appears bright, that a compromise of some sort between church and state may be effected. As we said last week, the officials of the church inside and outside of Mexico are on the whole behaving fairly well, under circumstances of the greatest difficulty. They must feel like praying to be delivered from their officious and blundering friends among the laymen who are both inexperienced and grossly incompetent in diplomatic negotiations.

IT WAS to be expected that the Pennsylvania and Illinois election scandals would result in an agitation against the direct primary. The primary has plenty of enemies who are far too clever to overlook so good an opportunity. Nevertheless it would, in our opinion, be a mistake to take their advice. What they want is a return to the old party convention system. This was controlled by the bosses just as completely as the primary has ever been, and in many cases more so. The amounts of money spent were perhaps smaller, and certainly they were not so widely distributed; but as we point out elsewhere in this issue there is no advantage in permitting an undesirable end to be achieved at half price. When bribery was confined to an inner ring of a few men, it was easily kept secret; now when it must be sown broadcast there is a better chance that the facts will become known. The New York Times recently polled the members of the Senate on this question. An overwhelming majority of those who replied said that while the primary system has its faults, the convention plan which it superseded had the same faults in higher degree. The Literary Digest recently made the same inquiry among a number of leading newspaper editors and got the same reply. The fault is not in the machinery. It is in

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the attitude of politicians and voters toward that machinery.

LITTLE by little, Mussolini extends his influence in Europe, and usually he manages to do so at the expense of France. He has made terms with the three members of the Little Entente which in the long run will go far toward giving Rome the position of overlordship Paris has held since the War. He has a satisfactory understanding with Greece, and is close to the powerful Fascist movements in Bavaria and Hungary. Now comes news of a recently-signed secret "arbitration" treaty between Italy and Spain which if it means anything at all, should do much to help gratify the Italian dictator's ambitions in North Africa and around the Mediterranean. At some not distant date the respective claims of France and Italy in Africa are bound to be revaluated. It would be only natural in view of the recent march of events if the approach of that moment were contemplated with grave anxiety at the Quai d'Orsay.

HOW fares the struggle for free speech in these United States? Roger Baldwin of the American Civil Liberties Union who has just completed a coast-to-coast tour of investigation reports, as the New York Times says in an eloquent headline, that "speech is free but listeners few." The tyrannical suppression of radical or labor speakers and writers which has been so conspicuous since 1917 has diminished. There is less reason for it, chiefly because the groups against which it was aimed are "suffering from a low morale and a depleted membership." For this Mr. Baldwin assigns three main causes: general prosperity, which makes for conservatism on the ground that we should let well enough alone; the success of the organized campaign of employers against labor, and finally, internal dissension within the ranks of the movements referred to. That the apathy Mr. Baldwin describes exists, many other observers have testified. To be sure, there is no reason to suppose that it is permanent; when the conditions which have brought it about disappear—as they will—it will vanish with a suddenness which some persons will find vastly disconcerting.

MEANWHILE, as Mr. Baldwin points out, the suppressors have shifted their attack to a new and even more dangerous ground. They have gone after the schools, and are demanding that their doctrine of rigid superpatriotism and no other shall be taught to the nation's children. In many states they have been successful in obtaining laws requiring the promulgation of their all-sacred views in textbooks and oral instruction, in regard to subjects ranging all the way from history, civics and economics to biology. Elsewhere they have worked through textbook committees or local school boards, but with equal effectiveness. It may be argued, of course, that the surest way to send people hunting for the truth is to label it "Forbidden Fruit." This probably applies, among adults, to the suppression of any single document. Before such a rule becomes effective, however, one must know that the forbidden fruit exists; and we do not see how the graduates of these schools where only tainted facts are fed, are ever to find this out. It seems more likely that they will grow up in a 100 percent cosmos, perfect replicas of the present generation of 100 percenters. We think our readers will agree with us that such a prospect is indeed appalling.

IN New York City the amount of fare to be paid on the rapid transit system is a perennial football of politics. It is generally agreed that five cents, the present fare, does not cover the cost of operation, especially when that cost is inflated by various padded items, including large annual payments for franchises which were improperly granted in the first place and should have been recaptured by the city long ago. That riders are partially subsidized out of taxes seems to many choleric gentlemen positively immoral. We wish the discussion might take a new turn: we should like to see serious thought given the proposal that passengers should be carried entirely free of charge, the whole cost being borne out of taxation. The owner of an office building does not dream of charging for a ride in his elevator; he gives the service free and charges his tenants more rent because of this added facility. (There are a few European countries where elevator rides are charged for, but practically speaking, these countries have no elevators.) Suppose rapid transit, in New York or any other city, were made free. What would happen? First of all, the unit cost of operation would be greatly decreased: collecting your nickel is itself a heavy item of operating expenses. Station barriers, turnstiles, changemakers, collectors, conductors could all be dispensed with. Next, land values in the outskirts would rise because of increased accessibility. If the municipality had been shrewd enough to buy land in its own suburbs, as many European cities and a few American are beginning to do, the increase in value would go far toward meeting the decreased cost of operation; and in any case, the increased taxes on privately-held property, now much augmented in value, would be a source of huge additional revenue.

IN the meantime, congestion in the heart of the metropolis would be ameliorated. Indeed, the pressure of population over the whole area would show a tendency to equalize itself, becoming greater on the outskirts and less in the centre. New lines could now be laid out where they were most needed to provide for proper future growth, instead of being placed as at present only on routes where they are sure to earn a profit even though they add miserably to the congestion in a district already overcrowded. It may be urged that with transpor-

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tation free, people would ride unnecessarily and overcrowd the facilities. This might be a serious factor during the first few days of the new operation; thereafter it would probably be unimportant. In this automobile age, using the trolley, subway or "L" hardly comes under the head of joyriding. There may be sound reasons why this suggestion would not work; but we are sorry at any rate to see the discussion omit it entirely as is now the case.

GOVERNOR "VIC" DONAHEY of Ohio has never been in New York City in his life. What's more, he never intends to go there. This is no idle whim of an eccentric gentleman. Governor Donahey is in politics to stay. He believes that his abstention from Gotham, well advertised, is as good as many arrows in his quiver. Probably he is right. The distrust and dislike of New York throughout the West and South, rising in some districts to envenomed hate, is one of the most striking facts of our time. Fundamentalists attack the metropolis as the seat of religious liberalism. Ku Kluckers scorn it because so many non-Nordics live there. It is damned by Prohibitionists as the stronghold of the wets, by radicals as the fortress of the Money Trust, by wives as the place where husbands sup with chorus girls, by husbands because wives go shopping there and spend ruinous sums, by reformers because it is supposed to be a fountainhead for bad books, magazines and plays. Cities nowadays are generally disliked by country people; but the hostility to New York exists even in other urban communities, rising in pitch as you proceed west of the Alleghanies. Governor Donahey is playing excellent Ohio politics when he boasts that his pure foot never has been and never will be contaminated by contact with Broadway.

WILLIAM M. COLLIER, American Ambassador to Chile, brings good news. Returning to the United States for a vacation he recently stated it is unlikely that Chile and Peru will go to war over Tacna-Arica. He is confident that they will find a prompt and peaceful solution of the difficulty. Part of the territory will go to Bolivia and the remainder will be divided between the two contesttants; or perhaps all of it will go to Bolivia. Our prestige in Latin-America has not, he thinks, been hurt by the breakdown of the plebiscite which was to have been held under American auspices. The Latin-Americans realize that we were sincerely trying, in an altruistic spirit, to maintain the highest standards of honesty in the plebiscite, and honor us for the attempt. All this sounds rather too good to be true, and perhaps needs to be discounted a little. Mr. Collier is evidently suffering from that wide-ravaging disease, Diplomats' Optimism. However, the suggestion that the territory be given to Bolivia has so much good sense behind it that it may have a chance of being adopted. It is at any rate permissible to hope so.

Commercialized Politics

AS the article on another page of this issue reveals, the Illinois primary scandals point to the same basic conditions as did the Pennsylvania. They both indicate an unholy alliance for the exploitation of government between local political machines interested in graft from patronage, protection of bootleggers, prostitution and crime, and big business interested in larger and more important types of booty. In Pennsylvania the manufacturers who contributed the funds wanted to safeguard the protective tariff and Mellonism in general. In Illinois the public utility interests who contributed apparently wanted control of local franchise situations. In both cases the real issues of the campaign were concealed from that part of the public not ready to sell their votes for money or favors by insincere appeal to partisanships remote from the interests actually at stake—like support for or opposition to the World Court.

In Pennsylvania and Illinois the amounts spent happened to be unusually large, but the essence of the transactions could probably be duplicated in almost every city and state in the Union where votes count. We must not, for instance, think of Mr. Samuel Insull, who gave at least half a million in Chicago, as a local phenomenon. His interests in electric power and light utilities alone control at least 11 percent of the total central station output of the United States and constitute the largest single holding company group in the country. Among them are Commonwealth Edison, Middle West Utilities, Northwest Utilities, Public Service of Northern Illinois, Connecticut Light and Power, Central Illinois Public Service, Northern Indiana Gas and Electric, Central Maine Power, Syracuse Lighting, Public Service Gas and Electric. What he has done in Chicago he probably would not scruple to do, if need pressed and opportunity offered, in Portland, Boston, New Haven, Syracuse or Gary. And he exemplifies the ethics of many big business men. Nor is the corrupt or corruptible local machine confined to Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and Chicago. The technique of professional control of votes so well worked out by Tammany long ago in New York has been learned in many other places, and is practiced far more crudely elsewhere and by Republicans than the New York Democracy has found it possible to do for years.

Efforts at "good government"—efforts to eliminate graft in local politics and dominant private interest in state and national politics—have been made spasmodically in the United States for at least a quarter-century. In spite of scattering and temporary victories the reformers have been unable to make much real headway, as the pictures of corruption periodically presented to us ever since the oil scandals under Harding testify. The direct primary, under which these recent scandals occurred, was of course designed to dislodge the old

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machines. That it has failed to do so in numerous instances, but has instead provoked larger expenditures than ever by the interested parties, is now being used by spokesmen for those parties as an argument for return to the convention system. The inference is that the real scandal is the expenditure of so much money, and that the same amount of control achieved by a smaller expenditure would be allowed to pass in silence. More genuine is the agitation for a legal limit on the amount that may be spent on Senatorial primaries. But how can any such mechanical device improve the situation when the electoral machinery, both official and unofficial, remains under the control of those who do not scruple to violate the law and to conceal their violation?

Mere revelation of conditions like those in Illinois and Pennsylvania does not provide the necessary counter-irritant. Big business men, who do not hesitate to support and profit by political corruption, never tire of depreciating governmental enterprise and dilating on the unfitness of government to assume new responsibilities. The practical result of the demoralization of government at which they connive is to convince the voters that they are right in their announced suspicion of political instruments of social control. The more widespread the popular cynicism regarding politics, the easier is it for business to manage politics in its own interest. And, though the voters may perceive this vicious circle, many of them do not care, for they have been convinced that the rule of business is natural and salutary; whatever degradation of the democratic ideal it may involve is a necessary sacrifice to the great god Prosperity.

Even if a latent desire for the purity of political processes should be aroused, and reform started on its way again, there is little assurance that it would be more permanently successful than before. The practice of politics in a modern community is an exacting profession; it requires a permanent organization, and under existing conditions that organization requires money. Who can carry an election without a trained army of precinct captains and district leaders? How can those leaders produce results in elections which do not intimately concern the voters except by the ability to distribute favors? And how can the leaders be kept on the job without plenty of funds? A combination of selfish groups, who can derive immediate profit from control of government, and who have accumulated the skill furnished by long experience, must be more than a match in the long run for amateur reformers inspired by nothing more than a zeal, likely to wane after the excitement has passed, to turn the grafters out.

If business were supremely interested in the honest operation of government which would be necessary for the suppression of crime, its first step would be to cease supporting those local machines whose corruption it has good reason to know. But no matter how many law-enforcement committees it forms headed by no matter how many respectable corporation presidents, it will not cease interesting itself in the election of candidates favorable to its purposes and it is practical enough to understand that these candidates cannot be elected without the support of political organizations which, in the last analysis, sell themselves to the highest bidder. Having created a world in which virtually everything is for sale and the basis of value is the profit which the sale of commodities or services will bring, business is powerless to alter a political system which conforms to the prevailing mores.

There is, we fear, little hope for an end to this sort of thing without a party organization motivated by a wholly different standard of values, and harboring a set of positive purposes which will keep it alive and make possible its growth regardless of the commercial order. Wherever the people in general become enough interested in the processes of government to believe seriously that it is to their advantage to control them in the common good, we see a new type of political machine—one practical enough to do the things necessary to carry elections, but subsisting for a higher purpose than to perpetuate itself and build up bank balances for its members. In Wisconsin, where the state government has for years been utilized as a genuine servant of the citizens, the La Follette machine is well-nigh impregnable, though far from corrupt. In Iowa, where the farmers believe the national government can and must do something for agriculture, it was not necessary for Brookhart to spend hundreds of thousands in order to win a nomination to the Senate. The British Labor party wins seat after seat in Parliament, not by the expenditure of vast sums levied on great fortunes, but by a continuing and earnest volunteer organization, deriving its vitality from the idealism of labor and its necessary funds from millions of small contributions. Democratic machinery is not essentially corrupt; it falls into decay only when the people themselves do not have the vigor of purpose to use it.

Can Europe Federate?

IN recent years there has been no lack of gloomy prophets to predict the decay of Europe. They have assured us that the cultural and political dominance of the Western European powers throughout the world is drawing to its close; that the future amphitheatre of the international drama is to be the shores of the Pacific and its actors the nations bordering on it.

The War of course gave a great impetus to arguments of this character, though they were not unfamiliar even prior to 1914. Perhaps best known of all the recent books dealing with the theme of possible decay is Pan-Europe, by Count Richard Coudenhove-Kalergi. Published in 1923, this work,

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which both warned Europe of impending danger and suggested a way out, had a remarkable success. It was translated into several languages, ran through numerous large editions and became the inspiration for an organized international movement which seeks to put its recommendations into effect. This work has just been published in America (by Alfred A. Knopf) in its original form, with footnotes and an appendix in which are recorded the important alterations in the political landscape since the volume first appeared. It thus affords an opportunity both to see how the world looked to an intelligent and well informed European publicist three years ago, and what differences he sees today.

The essence of the Coudenhove-Kalergi doctrine might be stated as "federate or fall." The day has passed, he thinks, when a single nation such as France or Germany or Italy can survive either alone or by the aid of a limited number of allies. The world logically consists of five great groups: the British Empire, Pan-America, Mongolia (China and Japan), the federated Russian states and Pan-Europe, the twenty-six countries of Europe excluding Russia. Three of these groups, he says, are already definitely organized. (Some citizens of the United States will be surprised to learn that he regards the Pan-American Union as a most important venture on its own account and as offering a valuable precedent to Europe.) The Mongolian federation may be delayed because of the Sino-Japanese hostility, but these countries can survive for a long time as they are. Not so Europe, whose civilization was weakened by the last war and will be destroyed by the next one, which is inevitable unless active steps are taken to prevent it.

In 1923, Count Coudenhove-Kalergi's great fear was of a successful German-Russian alliance which would conquer Rumania, Poland and ultimately France. If this were to happen, Germany in turn would be ground beneath the heel of the irresistible Slav. Russia is his black beast: he regards the effort of the Bolshevists to bring about a world revolution as merely that country's second attempt within a decade to obtain the hegemony of Europe —the World War having been the first! He also sounds a warning against a possible Pan-Slavic movement, in which Russia, Bulgaria and Hungary would combine against the rest of Europe. On the eastern front, he sees danger of a war between Russia and Britain, presumably over India.

Even if the war menace be discounted, Count Coudenhove-Kalergi sees only disaster ahead for the European powers under the existing order. With high tariff walls dividing manufacturers from their markets, agriculture from its consumers, he believes it is impossible to compete successfully with British or American industry. Depreciating currencies, heavy taxation, the burden of armament and difficulties over reparation and war debt payments add further complications. In short, the European population of three hundred million persons is dependent on the efficient functioning of economic machinery which is gravely handicapped by existing conditions.

What does this author propose as an alternative? The creation of a "United States of Europe," an economic and political entity embracing all the states of the European system except Russia and Great Britain, of which the latter would be closely allied to it. The economic model would be the United States of America, with complete free trade, the easiest movement of people and goods across the state boundary lines and ultimately, a monetary union. The political model would be the Pan-American Union. In the end, however, the plan would go much farther, for it envisages not only a great Court of Arbitration, but a Pan-European Parliament, including a "House of the Peoples" with three hundred members and a "House of the States," or Senate, with twenty-six members.

The most important political aspect of the plan is the guarantee of security to all the member nations from any sort of attack, thus making possible disarmament. England, in Count Coudenhove-Kalergi's view, ought not to be a member at present, the British Empire constituting a system by itself. England's security from attack by Russia or by a combination of Russia and Germany should be guaranteed by the Pan-European federation, however, and if the British Empire should at some future date break up into a series of autonomous states, England would then become eligible for full membership. In the meantime, the author thinks that under treaty arrangements, Pan-Europe might provide colonists to occupy the empty land in the British dominions, thus preventing the danger that these territories will be taken up by yellow or brown invaders.

As for the existing League of Nations, Count Coudenhove-Kalergi praises its theory, but has little use for its reality. At present, he feels, the absence of the United States, Russia and Germany constitutes a fatal defect. Like other observers, he believes the attempt to solve all the world's problems from one central point is impossibly ambitious, and wants a series of regional Leagues which will be able to wrestle with regional affairs. He thinks Pan-Europe might well serve as one such section of the main League. The latter would then interfere only to settle questions arising between Europe and Pan-America, the British Empire, Russia or Mongolia. Pan-Europe in the meantime would secure to its members

> security from an inter-European war; neutralization of Europe in world conflicts; protection against invasion by a Red or White Russia; the possibility of disarmament, and the ability to compete with the American and British industries—in the future also with the Eastern Asiatic and Russian industries.

What is the character of the opposition which such a plan must encounter? The author believes

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it would be welcomed by capitalists as suiting their present purposes and by socialists as facilitating their ultimate aims. There remain four hostile groups: (1) the national chauvinists; (2) the communists; (3) the militarists, and (4) the protected industries in various states which would foresee ruin as following free trade. It is true, he admits, the abolition of customs barriers would be injurious to some factories located in districts where they now have only an artificial reason for existence. Some workers would become unemployed, and the readjustment (probably back to agriculture) might be a painful one. But this is only an incidental defect, outweighed by the other great advantages, and particularly when the scheme is viewed as the alternative to the disaster which confronts Europe if she does not federate.

The three years which have elapsed since he published the first edition of his book have, the author feels, brought important progress along the path he pointed out. There are now organizations to forward the Pan-European idea in seven countries; and numerous other societies and individuals have come out in favor of at least an all-European customs union. In October of this year the first Pan-European Congress will be held. It is expected to give a strong impetus to the movement. With the impending entrance of Germany into the League, the danger of a Russo-German anti-European alliance is at least greatly lessened. Finally, it is his opinion that the Locarno treaties constitute an important step in the direction of that general guarantee of security which is an essential feature.

It is easy, of course, to pick flaws in a paper program such as Count Coudenhove-Kalergi has laid out. In particular, his admiration for the Pan-American Union will seem naïve to some who know the real attitude of Latin-America toward the benevolences of "the Yankees." Yet it is impossible to deny that he is right in his diagnosis of the ills of Europe, whether or not his remedy is one which can be applied. The present preliminary disarmament conference which goes down from futility to futility shows clearly that the nations will not disarm until their security is in some other way provided, and that they do not consider that the machinery of the League and its existing supplements offer the necessary degree of safety. No doubt their requirements on that score are excessive, and are exaggerated still more for political purposes; nevertheless they exist, and must be taken into account.

The commercial agreement between France and Germany announced last week would undoubtedly be accepted by Count Coudenhove-Kalergi as an important step toward the ultimate ideal of a Pan-European customs union. It is true, as he says, that modern large scale industry is seriously crippled by regulations which prevent the free flow of raw materials and manufactures across the international frontiers. The Treaties of 1919 greatly accentuated this situation, already sufficiently serious. New boundary lines were created at a time when nationalistic feeling had been inflamed to the most violent degree. The chaotic conditions of the past eight years, from which European industry is only beginning slowly to emerge, are largely the result of the artificial barriers created by politicians in defiance of economic needs. As the balance swings back the other way, we may expect to see an increasing body of opinion among traders in general, and among manufacturers of non-protected articles, supporting the project for a customs union on business grounds.

At the same time it would be idle to underestimate the forces in opposition to Count Coudenhove-Kalergi's complete program. A real federation of Europe would have bitter and implacable foes. It would probably be regarded by Soviet Russia as a final defensive alliance of Western capitalism. It is the last thing Mussolini, Horthy, de Rivera and Pangalos want. England, if left outside, would be implacably hostile. That element in French politics which seeks for France the hegemony of Europe would oppose the plan as being likely to rob her of the fruits of victory in the War. Some pro-League individuals and parties would be hostile in fear that Pan-Europe would endanger the Geneva organization. However, to say that the creation of Pan-Europe would be difficult is not to say that it would be impossible. Time and necessity both fight for it; and they are powerful allies.

Fleeing America First

IN spite of all that has been done by railway companies, the custodians of the great western parks, the wonderland of America, the promoters of "international" exhibitions within our borders, all the local Merchants' Associations with their free automobile parking grounds strung across thousands of miles of highway, in spite of the best efforts of the Lyceum bureaus and the summer Conferences for Religious Workers, the seasonal migration of Americans to Europe continues unabated. Not only that—it increases. Wherever we go in Europe we are mulcted; but still we go. Wherever we go in Europe we are cordially disliked, except, says Will Rogers, in Ireland; but still we go. Wherever we go in Europe we are herded in droves like a superior breed of domestic animals by personal conductors and round-up men, by couriers, by taxicab banditti; but still we go.

Why? What do we get out of it? We have a climate of our own, a full repertoire of assorted climates. We have Alps and Rivieras. We have also Deauvilles and Monte Carlos. It is not necessary to go abroad to lose money or to meet pretty women. Certainly it is not necessary to go abroad to get a drink. Rumors persist that there still remain in Europe many interesting relics of a culture which formerly existed there. But the con-

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genital immunity of Americans to culture has been celebrated since the time of the Innocents Abroad, and before.

So also has been the prevalence of Americans in the Quartier Latin. In the first edition of that Anglo-American classic, Piccadilly Jim, there appeared an extraordinary frontispiece which shed a flood of light upon transatlantic travel, cultural and otherwise. This illustration showed a young man and a young woman crouching in the lee of a life-boat on the hurricane deck of an Atlantic liner which appeared to be pitching through at least forty-five degrees. Their ulstered shoulders were presented to a driving gale, and they were shouting with the greatest difficulty into one another's ears. Their conversation appeared below. "Love is the greatest thing in the world," shouted Jimmy. "What is?" screamed Ann. "Love!" bellowed Jimmy. There we have transatlantic travel in a word. We go abroad in pursuit of the larger experiences of life. We are in search of the perfect environment for our own consummate fruition; and we are lured abroad by the myth of the hurricane deck. In Paris one has "experiences." Hence the Quartier Latin. Obviously we do not go and settle there for the sake of the tuition we shall get. Everyone knows that all the practitioners of all the arts who have anything worth selling are in the United States. But—atmosphere! Ah yes, atmosphere cannot be transplanted. We must go to Paris because we have read the Confessions of a Young Man, and Peter Whiffle—or Piccadilly Jim. We shall not be complete until we have had the Great Experience. What this is we do not know. Doubtless it is an individual matter, varying somewhat with each personality. Finding out just what truth will make us whole is the bigger part of it. But this we have heard: G. E.'s abound on streaming decks, among the vermin and gamins and unplumbed tenements of foreign students' quarters, and under the broiling sun of Fiesole.

In short, what we want when we go abroad is a moral holiday. We are fleeing America first. That is why we are not seduced by the offer of free parking space for our Buick in Pocatello, Idaho. There, it is promised, we shall find all the comforts of home—precisely what we are trying to escape. The family hotel in a Rocky Mountain park is not for us! What could the rockiest peak amount to on a stomach full of roast beef and brown gravy, boiled potatoes and apple pie? We are after exotic menus, not exotic mountains; scenes, not scenery. Therein, as William James correctly said, lies the most insidious charm of war: it is the most complete of all moral holidays. Abruptly and effectively it snatches us out of our own shoes. The "Great" War may have been damned dull, dirty and dangerous, as the contemporary saying went. But for millions of men it was nevertheless a complete change; and as such it is now—after the second and relapsing change—gratefully remembered. Already, after the brief ban of demobilization, it has become literature—on Broadway, in Hollywood, and in alternate issues of the Saturday Evening Post.

But as a moral holiday European travel is a complete hoax. The difficulty is with the legend. The thing has become standardized. Too many Cooks have spoiled the broth. It is time we faced the unpleasant truth. Mere presence in Deauville does not guarantee an Experience, even if one could find traces of the foreign scene through a rift in the serried ranks of the Americans. We are therefore moved by public spirit to make this condition known.

We are tempted to go further. Not only in Paris are there vermin, gamins and apartments innocent of plumbing. In New York City there is very little else east of Second Avenue and west of Ninth and no doubt other cities can provide according to their means. We therefore propose the establishment of a bureau of escape to be known as Moral Holiday, Incorporated: social transformations, inhibitions lifted, disappearances a specialty. The operation of this bureau should prove very simple. There must be just as many people in the world who would like to escape from their "cold water flats," as the want-ads call them, as are now repining in their seven rooms and two baths. We propose that both groups register with the bureau and effect a swap. What chiefly prevents artists from living in America is that being artists they cannot afford American comfort either spiritually or financially. But having been brought up in good Christian homes, which is our American way of designating the middle classes, they don't know how to live in slums. That is, in American slums. Therefore they go abroad where, using George Moore or Carl Van Vechten as a textbook, they fit in very nicely. What we propose is simply to supply them with a guide to Avenue A: select East River slums; French-speaking, Italian-speaking, Lithuanian-speaking, Hebrew-speaking, Chinese-speaking. You pays your money and you takes your choice. Transplantation guaranteed! All the romance of home with all the discomforts of Europe!

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The Scandal in Illinois

THE Senatorial committee investigating primary campaign expenditures has adjourned after a fruitful fortnight in Chicago. Its researches revealed that at least a million dollars, and probably more, had been spent in the Illinois contest, mostly by the Republicans, the largest single items being those of Senatorial candidates. That is about a third as much as was squandered in Pennsylvania: or another way of looking at it is to say that it is about five times as much as Truman H. Newberry spent in Michigan, in an election deemed so scandalous that public opinion forced him out of the Senate.

The Illinois situation, however, is illuminating in other ways. It shows a Senatorial contest where the ostensible issue was international policy, as expressed in the question of America and the World Court. But the real fight was underground. It was a fight between two rival groups of public utility interests. It was also a fight directly connected with Chicago's famous underworld, with bootlegging, prostitution and dope peddling. It was a fight in which control of local politics was far more important than the Senatorial struggle which was the alleged excuse for the collection and dissemination of most of the funds. It was a fight in which great public utility magnates, headed by Samuel B. Insull, gave sums some of which may fairly be characterized as "vast" to candidates on both sides, including a man whose official position made the ethics of such a gift highly questionable, to say the least. The whole episode shows big business, dirty politics and crime inextricably interwoven in a way which is both shocking and in the highest degree illuminating as to current developments in the history of this, our democracy.

Of the important facts revealed, perhaps the most striking was the disclosure made after much hammer-and-tong questioning by Senator James A. Reed of Missouri, that Col. Frank L. Smith, who defeated Senator William B. McKinley for the Republican nomination in the Senatorial primaries, had spent $300,800 in his campaign. Approximately 70 percent of this fund, it was reluctantly revealed, came from three of Colonel Smith's friends who are in the public utility business. He is head of the Illinois Commerce Commission, which controls the rates and operation of public utilities in Illinois.

The three musketeers who rallied so liberally to the financial aid of Colonel Smith were: Samuel Insull, chief of $750,000,000 worth of mid-western utilities, including the Commonwealth Edison Company, the People's Gas, Light and Coke Company, and the Chicago Rapid Transit Company (the elevated lines), all Chicago monopolies; former Congressman Ira C. Copley, multimillionaire head of the Western United Gas and Electric Company, which dominates the fertile Fox River Valley; and Clement Studebaker of the Illinois Power and Light Corporation, with assets of $179,001,965 in its properties in Illinois and Indiana.

Senator McKinley, the defeated Republican candidate, having sold out his interest to Studebaker, is himself a fading public utilities figure. He is still nominally chairman of the Studebaker concern, the head of which aided the Smith fund with a contribution of $20,000! Copley gave Smith $25,000, Insull managed to contribute something to the campaign funds of all the chief Senatorial candidates of both parties to a total of nearly $200,000, but most of his money also went to Smith, the utilities tsar. McKinley spent $361,000 in his unsuccessful campaign, Chairman Reed's probing revealed, but it came chiefly from his own pocket, fat with the receipts from his public utility ventures of other days. Senator Charles Deneen, whose faction supported McKinley, expended $133,000 in the bitter Cook County fight.

The Crowe-Barrett faction, which began a campaign for McKinley but switched to Smith when McKinley voted for the World Court in the Senate, spent a revealed $171,500. George Brennan, the genial Democratic boss who easily won the Senatorial nomination of his party on a sopping wet platform, admitted that he had spent $20,841.42, of which amount $15,000 had been so urged on him by his old friend Insull that he could not refuse it. These expenditures bring the admitted primary campaign outgo up to a total of more than a million dollars. Undoubtedly the real total is a great deal larger still.

Samuel Insull, described in a speech in the Illinois legislature several years ago as "the uncrowned king of both parties in Illinois," occupied the centre of the stage in the hearing conducted by Senators Reed and La Follette. His contribution to Mr. Smith, he admitted, was $125,000 in cold hard cash. In addition to this, he declared, he spent $33,735.19 in propaganda against the World Court, which he "assumed" helped Smith. Thus his total admitted financial aid to the Commerce Commission head amounted to $158,735.19.

Mr. Insull told so much with good grace. When Senator Reed demanded that he tell what aid he had given the Crowe-Barrett organization for the local battle, however, he balked. State's Attorney Robert E. Crowe, wheel horse of the Crowe-Barrett combination, was called to the stand and also defied the committee. He refused to state whether he had received any money from Insull. Both men were warned that they would be reported to the Senate for punishment. (The U. S. Supreme Court has not yet decided the Daugherty case,

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which is expected ultimately to settle the question whether Congress can compel testimony.)

Mr. Insull told Senator Reed that his campaign gifts were "absolutely fair and square contributions." When the Senator wanted to know why he did not answer questions about his contributions to local campaigns, he indicated that it would be exceedingly painful to have his minor "charities" among the snarling factions in Cook County revealed for public gaze. However, the wily Missourian trapped him into admitting that he had given $10,000 to Roy O. West, Deneen leader. Insull agreed that the money probably went eventually to the support of McKinley, the man he had given more than $150,000 to defeat.

There were good reasons why Mr. Insull "did not care to go" into local questions. They are tied hand and foot with public utilities and with the Chicago traction question, which has been a political football for the past twenty years. Chicago at the present time is seeking "home rule" for its utilities and laws from the state legislature which will permit traction franchises more favorable to the city and not so favorable to the companies. The color of the general state Assembly next year will have much to do with this question.

Insull's three-cornered campaign contributions set the keynote of the hurly-burly campaign in Cook County in which the issue of "No World Court" was shouted from the housetops while gunmen, sluggers and dishonest election officials stole votes, intimidated voters and "rough-housed" through the election. The common aim of all of the groups was to get control of the rich patronage and well filled coffers of the wealthy Chicago district. This scramble is so complicated that it is confusing to the outsider—and sometimes even to the insider.

There is more to confuse the issue, in Cook County politics, than merely the wild struggle for control of the usual political bodies. There are thirty-four separate taxing bodies in the county, each of which is a rich plum in itself. The two dominant factions in the Republican party in the county are known as the Deneen group, headed by the Senator of that name, now out of power, and the Crowe-Barrett faction, led by State's Attorney Crowe and Charles V. Barrett. The latter is on the Board of Review, which controls the taxes. This faction is now dominant. Before the April primaries it augmented its power by taking under its wing William Hale Thompson. Thompson had been an enemy of the group but was now "open to reason" because of the fact that he had quarrelled with his two former pals, Fred Lundin and Governor Len Small.

In Cook County the election of a United States Senator is a secondary issue when compared to the power and money available for unscrupulous politicians able to get control of the local situation—and most of the politicians engaged in that sort of fight are unscrupulous. Before the campaign got seriously under way, McKinley came to the Crowe-Barrett crowd with $25,000 for the county campaign. They went to Thompson with their mayoralty plum and he opined that he'd join them if they would come out for an anti-World Court campaign and would slip a wet plank into the platform after the primaries. This, by the way, will be somewhat embarrassing to Smith, who has always had the Anti-Saloon League support. (The Anti-Saloon League spent $40,000 in the primary.) The deal was made and Senator McKinley's $25,000 was spurned. Thompson got another $25,000 from Allen F. Moore, campaign manager for Smith, and the Crowe-Barrett people came out officially for Smith. McKinley had many friends among the leaders of the faction, however, and these men were given free leave to swing their own adherents for McKinley. The Senatorial campaign was not allowed to disturb the more important local issues of power and patronage. This situation resulted in the spectacle of Homer Galpin, ward committeeman of the twenty-seventh ward and chairman of the Cook County central committee, dispensing all the funds of the Crowe-Barrett gang in the county in the fight for Smith, yet spending with his left hand McKinley money with which he swung his own ward for the senior Senator!

Witnesses were summoned who showed indisputably that votes had been counted regardless of how the ballots were marked, in accordance with the wishes of the ward leader. County Judge Edmund K. Jarecki, who testified to that effect was himself the object of complaint the next day, from Morris Eller, a typical ward leader of the Crowe-Barrett group. Eller charged that Jarecki had been one of a group which chose more than two thousand election officials and that these officials, by violence and gunplay, had managed to steal as much as 80 percent of the votes in districts where he, Eller, usually pulled 98 percent!

The story of Illinois politics, as revealed by this Senatorial investigation, is indeed a shocking one; but it ought not to come as a surprise to anyone who has had any previous knowledge of conditions in that state. While the sums of money were large, the general situation revealed is thoroughly familiar. For more than a generation, commentators on American affairs have been pointing out the close connection between politics and big business, between politics and organized vice, between politics and graft. It simply happens that all three of these relationships exist in Chicago, the city which dominates Illinois politics, to a startling degree; but there is nothing there which is not found in some measure in all other American communities. True, in Chicago there is less attempt at concealment than in some places—indeed, hardly any attempt at all. But the citizens of no other town are in any position to throw stones. They all dwell in glass houses.

JOHN ASHENHURST.

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The Confession of an Educator

I MET the other day a classmate of mine who has done very well in business. He has a yacht and a private golf course and other worries avoided by people like me. Nevertheless, I honestly believe there was sincerity in him when he said that in his heart he envied me.

"You know," he said, "it sounds funny coming from a fellow like me, but it's true that making money hand over fist isn't the most satisfactory thing in life. It seems to me you have the best job in many ways that this country has to offer."

"You mean I can spend money hand over fist and get paid to do it?" I said.

"I mean that you earn your salary by doing a service to the country and to humanity. You're working to improve the most important thing we've got—that's education. You go about it methodically by endowing the right kind of schools and colleges and making surveys and trying experiments with different methods of teaching, and so forth—that's the idea of your foundation, isn't it? You're putting an intelligent shoulder to the wheel of progress."

"Bravo," said I, "you might be myself making a speech."

"Well, what I mean is, the men who made the money were only working for themselves or from habit, and they never thought of education until they began to be embarrassed with millions. But the *administration* of that money is really a noble and inspiring career. It pays a sort of spiritual salary, if you know what I mean."

"Yes, I know," I said, "largely spiritual."

"It's a bigger thing than teaching in any one college, or experimenting in any one laboratory, because it includes all that. You're the general—you look over the whole field. And your foresight and your judgment are able to influence the whole advance of education. No wonder a poor business man like me envies your opportunities."

I thanked my friend for his appreciation and went my way. I hope he never reads these pages.

A man I knew once said that all you have to do to be an archæologist is to believe it's important. It is also all you have to do to be an educator. Educator (uneuphonious word) is a title which I now wear. In justice be it said that I once deserved it.

I was born and brought up in a professor's family in the heart of a university, but in spite of this I left college in the late eighties with a late-eighties enthusiasm for education. I did but share the general religion. Democracy was a younger and a brighter goddess in those days, worshiped with a pride and confidence of which our present rotarian oratory is only the echo. Even the intelligent believed in democracy, and education was her sister deity. Everything was changing so fast, and growing better in so many ways, that motion and improvement intoxicated everyone. We felt that only a little more change and amelioration was needed to bring in the millennium—a perfect democracy among perfected men. Education was the shining means to this perfection. As soon as all the people could be educated the last abuses of democracy would be cast out. The principle of democracy is virtue, and ignorance is the only sin. For myself, I believed that education was the stirring of the intelligence inherent in every man, the discipline which should turn the populace into a responsible electorate, the mob into individuals, every man into a reasoning and cultivated being. Intelligence I took to be a common gift, needing only stimulation. And so I threw myself heart and soul into popular education.

It was the spring-time of uplift and enlightenment—of magazines and newspapers and Chautauqua reading courses; of the Sunday school, the Christian Endeavor, the Christian Association; correspondence schools, settlements, lyceum lecture courses, Chautauqua assemblies; of easy communication and travel—these were all (I found) agencies of the opening mind. But my own fire I devoted to University extension work in a middle-western state.

For three years I traveled up and down the state. I went to county fairs, anniversaries, home-weeks, conventions, in every town and village. I knew the mayors, the county agents, the chairmen of chambers of commerce, the pastors, the presidents of women's clubs and culture societies, the grangers, the state senators, the school principals, the suffragists. I arranged, or helped to arrange, courses, lectures, demonstrations and campaigns, and many of them I attended myself. I talked to the other people who attended them, the earnest and the hypocritical, the educated and the uneducated. And my ideas began to change. I realized for the first time what magnificent scope there was for human perfectibility. I began to wonder about my definitions. "If a noble and civilized democracy is to subsist," says Santayana, "the common man must be something of a saint and something of a hero." This, or something like it, had once been my battle cry. At the end of three years it became my bitterest cynicism. Three years was perhaps too short a time for a fair trial of human perfectibility, but it was enough to convince me once and for all that popular education, whatever its other advantages, is the wrong road to popular intelligence. In fact, I gave up popular intelligence. A course on poultry raising is a very profitable thing. The farmer who follows the directions is

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applying intelligence to his poultry. But it is not his own intelligence. Can he add one cubit to his mental stature by a course on poultry raising? Or even by a lecture on Rossetti? In spite of all my hopeful observation, I deduced that he cannot. Reluctantly I abandoned Rousseau and the Declaration of Independence. I clipped the pinions of democracy. The light of reason, I decided, can be shed upon the mob, but it must be shed from above. I dismissed the common citizen and turned to Plato's philosopher.

The University, I reasoned, is the provision democracy makes for its own weakness. The people charter this democratic institution—which depends on free thought, free speech and free administration for its very life—to train up an aristocracy of the mind which shall lead and command in every field. The University is the St. Cyr of generals—in science, in the humanities, in government, religion, law, agriculture, industry. It is the brain of the country. Not only knowledge, but tolerance, idealism, scholarship, culture — that intelligence, that *virtue,* which is the principle of democracy, are here. Here is the telling education. Eagerly I completed my requirements—already begun—for a Ph. D., and obtained an instructorship in American History at my state university. It was a proud day when I delivered my first lecture. Now, I felt, I was doing God's work. Now at last my labor was truly directed toward the triumph of that twin deity, democracy and education. And with this high exultation I began a twenty years' course of mild success and bitter disillusionment.

I was made assistant professor, professor, and in the course of time, head of my department, losing at each step somewhat more of my respect for higher education. In the first place my naïve belief that there is free speech and free administration in a university, particularly in a state university, was early shattered. Thanks to our democratic dependence on the people we were at the mercy of a legislature whose principal effort was to make matriculation as easy as possible for the sons and daughters of its constituents. The fight each year to have appropriations for the library and the departments instead of for the stadium was exhausting. And so sensitive were our rulers to expressed opinion that at last I felt that if I swore at my furnace it would offend the legislature. And yet I do not believe that even a legislature is so heavy a millstone about the neck of a university as its own solicitous alumni.

My students were immature and scatter-brained and quite naturally unprepared for university work. They learned by rote like school children and passed examinations by the high technique of bluffing. If " 'tis a sign of . . . indigestion to disgorge what we eat in the same condition it was swallowed," my classes chronically exhibited that sign. My own words were faithfully returned to me. Once I met a former student on the street.

"Professor, there's something I'd like to thank you for," he said as he shook my hand; "your course meant more to me than any other I took in college. And to my wife, too. You see, we both had you in Constitutional, and we got engaged in the back of your class."

Of course, there were exceptions—good minds capable even of thought. I cherished these as best I could, for they were all that was left of my illusion of intelligence. But under the system of instruction I could not do much for them—I could not excuse them from lectures and examinations that were geared to the low average. For the most part they took their high marks with no work at all.

And it was seldom these students who remained to do graduate work. Scholarship, that other idol of mine, suffered many deaths in my opinion. The scholarship, that is, of nineteen out of twenty of my tireless graduate students.

"Mais je hay par surtout un sçavoir pedantesque."

I began in a few years to respect a man for the mere reason that he was not a doctor of philosophy. I saw men leave my seminars to become teachers whose teaching would do more harm to education than the burning of a college. I saw born teachers hacking their way through a pedantic set of requirements simply because they could not get a position without a degree. And I early understood that the more a student studied in a university, that nursery of leaders, the fewer became his chances of amounting to anything in the world. Hobbes said that if he had been at college as long as other people he might have been as great a blockhead as they. I should have been glad to hang a placard with that quotation over the door of my graduate seminar.

I believed—and by this sign I was still an educator—that the fault lay deep in the organization and method of the whole system of education. Non vitæ, sed scolæ, discimus. From kindergarten to college education was out of joint with life, both in what was taught and the way it was taught. And so when I was offered my present position as head of an educational foundation I accepted it with alacrity. Now at last I should be free to go at the thing radically and in the scientific spirit, to do something perhaps to pull education back into a useful if not an indispensable relation to American democracy. The foundation did not limit itself to higher education—we covered the whole field. We took into consideration the whole content of the curriculum from beginning to end—the relations between the preparatory school and the college, between the first two years of college and the last two, between the graduate and undergraduate course. We fought the battles of the classics, of free election, of the lecture system versus the Oxford tutorial system, of the pass and honors degrees, of matriculation requirements—all the

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battles, in fact, that have raged in education in this century. And on the side of Use in its highest sense, of Life, stood I. I am still standing. Every plan that gives the fullest humane and practical opportunities to the student has my approval and support. I advocate intelligence tests, personal advice and supervision, adjustment to individual needs, a close relation between professor and student, entire freedom of thought, independent research and practical experience—everything that in progressive schools and colleges is being tried to make education a real preparation for American life. I travel constantly among these schools and colleges to study methods, to compare, to suggest. I talk a great deal, and when I talk I always say that education is a science. I define intelligence as ability to adjust oneself to a great number of situations. I express faith in the coming democracy which shall be directed by perfectly adjusted and integrated leaders.

But I have no such faith. It has slowly ebbed away. Being a man of conscience, I still serve modern education with my best energy. I still study reports and make investigations, recommending appropriations for the most modern and promising projects. But it is all with a secret conviction that some one is missing the point. I find myself asking, What is the use? and not being able to answer. It isn't that I disbelieve in education, or even in the things I say about it. It is only that I no longer believe those things are as important as I say they are. It may be that subtle psychological methods and expensive equipments prepare the student for American life—but what, after all, is that? It may be they give him an open mind, but I don't believe it. I don't believe there is such a thing. And I know they don't make him cultivated, for cultivation in no way equips him for American life. Of course they may, these schools and colleges, be the hope of our democracy. I do not deny it here and I often affirm it elsewhere. But to be quite honest I have long since ceased to see any hope for that anyway.

No, I am a thorough apostate. I believe that a good teacher—no matter what he teaches—is worth all the systems in the world. I believe that there is only one thing a college can teach and that is the *method* of learning. It should not try to do more, for the only education worth a copper penny is the education a man gets for himself because he wants it, and there are few that get much of it in college. And still fewer who get much of it if they are too well prepared for American life. The one thing I still believe in is intelligence. It is the rare leaven, the capricious gift of God. But I believe in it, and that like murder it will out without the help of Binet.

It's no wonder I am cynical at the words of a well meaning business man. He envies me my labor for humanity. And I envy him the simple means (which he never uses) of going to Paris. To sit on the boulevard, with a bock and an open Montaigne on the little table before me, and watch the crowds go by—that seems to me the thing that is really worth doing. I suppose I am growing old. But I console myself by saying that I'm growing educated.

[*This is the eighth in a series of anonymous confessions, in which men and women in various occupations are giving their spiritual or professional autobiographies. Another will be published soon.*]

A Soviet Riddle

WHEN is a decree not a decree? A simple question perhaps, but nevertheless one which has caused considerable embarrassment to those august tribunals of justice whose special function it is to deal with such conundrums. The Legislature which, by some fiat of recognition, has heretofore simplified such questions for the courts, has refused to function where Russia is concerned, and the courts, forced by an impoverished group of erstwhile Russian capitalists to assume the entire responsibility for a solution, have, after due deliberation, declared that a decree is not a decree when it has been promulgated by the Soviet government of Russia. To prevent any possible misconstruction of this somewhat surprising theory, they have also declared that a decree of the Kerensky or Provisional government of Russia is still a decree in spite of the fact that this government was overthrown in 1917, and has never since that time even pretended to function in Russia. Whatever the legal merits of this solution may be, it has not entirely satisfied all the interested parties, many of whom have continued to submit to the courts the same conundrum in different words and with correspondingly varied results.

The most persistent interrogators have been the officers and directors of companies incorporated under the laws of the Imperial Russian government, companies whose corporate existence has since been terminated and whose assets in Russia have been nationalized by the Soviet. These officials, now impoverished refugees in Paris and London, hopefully recall the existence of substantial corporate deposits in New York. A director's meeting is promptly convened, distinguishable from former gatherings only by pleasanter surroundings and perhaps the absence of the customary director's fees. They direct their agent to sue for the deposits in New York and, there being no further business, the meeting is adjourned.

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After the lapse of two years their case comes on to be heard, counsel for the bank resisting a recovery on the ground that it does not wish to assume the risk of having to pay the money twice. Counsel for the bank point to numerous unequivocal edicts of the Soviet, decreeing a termination of the existence of the corporation and a nationalization or transfer of its assets to the Soviet Treasury. They urge that the terms of office of its officers and directors have long since expired; that accordingly, they will be accountable to no one for the moneys which they may be allowed to recover; that if the Soviet is one day recognized by the United States, its decrees will, under existing decisions, become valid retroactively as of the date that the Soviet became a government de facto, and that in this event, the Soviet will be able to sue in our courts for a recovery of the same funds.

Opposing counsel quickly respond that the Soviet is a robber and a thief, recognized as such, but not otherwise, by our government; that being otherwise unrecognized it can neither sue nor be sued in our courts; that its purported decrees are a nullity and that the only laws of Russia which our courts can recognize are those of the last recognized but now extinct Kerensky régime. The arguments of both counsel are persuasive. The court seeks a precedent in the solution of similar questions which arose after the Civil War, involving the validity of acts done pursuant to the laws of the Confederate States. In many of these litigations, acts or claims of the rebellious governments which, of course, had not been recognized as governments de facto, were sustained to the same extent as if the governments were lawful.

Counsel for the bank, who is now nearing the close of his argument, seems about to profane the court by producing from his sleeve the red banner of the Bolsheviks. The Soviet is unquestionably the sovereign government of Russia. It has passed decrees. It has enforced those decrees throughout Russia and, as was said by Judge Andrews in the case of Wulfsohn vs. The Russian Republic: "Whether or not a government exists clothed with the power to enforce its authority within its own territory, obeyed by the people over whom it rules, capable of performing the duties and fulfilling the obligations of an independent power, able to enforce its claims by military force, is a fact not a theory."

The Soviet has been recognized as the de jure government of Russia by twenty nations, including Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Turkey, Italy, Greece, Norway and Sweden. Yet it has not been recognized by the government of the United States and, until it has been so recognized, how can our courts give effect to its decrees? Counsel have wearied themselves and the court with argument until even the issues are no longer clear. The court adjourns for deliberation, the results of which in particular cases speak for themselves.

When Fred S. James and Company brought suit to recover on an insurance policy issued by the Second Russian Insurance Company, the latter institution urged, by way of defense, its own corporate death inflicted by Soviet decrees. The Court of Appeals refused to give any effect to the decrees on the theory that a corporation which had vitality sufficient to put in a defense probably had vitality sufficient to permit it to be sued. In the wisdom of the court, however, the following way of retreat for future decisions was left open:

> The decree of the Russian Soviet government, nationalizing its insurance companies, has no effect in the United States unless it may be to such extent as justice and public policy require that effect be given. [Cardozo, J., in James and Company vs. Second Russian Insurance Company.]

The wisdom of reserving this avenue of retreat soon became apparent when the former directors of the Russian Reinsurance Company, which had been nationalized by Soviet decrees, brought an action to recover moneys and securities on deposit with the Bankers' Trust Company. The Court of Appeals dismissed this action, thereby indirectly, at least, giving full force and effect to the Soviet decrees. Judge Lehman, who delivered the opinion of the court in that case, said:

> To the extent that, until that time [recognition of the Soviet by the United States], the courts should not take jurisdiction of this equitable cause of action, both justice and common sense require us to give effect to the conditions existing in Russia, though those conditions are created by a force which we are not ready to acknowledge as entitled to recognition as a state or government.

Judge Crane dissented from the decision in this case with the following observation:

> The fear, which is apparently the only basis for our present decision, that the Bankers' Trust Company may in some way be called upon to pay this money twice is, in my judgment, so very remote, so far from the realm of possibility that I would rather see the money go now to the persons entitled to it.

The most recent decision of the Court of Appeals on this subject indicates a reversion to its earlier theory. In this case the former directors of a Russian chemical concern sued the National City Bank of New York to recover a dollar deposit. The bank urged in defense that its depositor had been nationalized by Soviet decrees and was no longer in existence. The Court of Appeals rejected the decrees and permitted a recovery. Judge Crane, now delivering the prevailing opinion of the court, said:

> If the appellant's contentions were correct and the facts appear that the Soviet government had actually

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> and effectually terminated the plaintiff's corporate existence so that for all purposes it had ceased to be a corporation in the place of its creation, yet I personally would be of the opinion that the courts of this country and of this state should not recognize, in an action at law such as this, the Soviet decrees.

Apparently these Delphic utterances of the Court of Appeals have not entirely answered the riddle, and it is the writer's opinion that the ultimate solution will have to lie in a treaty to be required as a condition to political recognition of the Soviet by the United States.* Such a treaty could definitely settle the status of corporations which Soviet Russia has decreed to be nationalized, and at the same time remove a sharp thorn from the flesh of the judiciary.

D. KENT JARVEAUX.

*It is interesting to note that statutes were passed at the last session of the Legislature of the state of New York authorizing a stay of certain actions, such as those referred to above, until the expiration of thirty days next following a recognition de jure hereafter by the government of the United States of a government of Russia.

Lost Children

NOT many weeks since, most of us participated, either as spectators or as spectacles, in the annual "celebration" of college reunions. On the surface they are tempestuous occasions which set up whirlpools of colorful jigging in academic centres from coast to coast, but the underlying spirit, I suspect, is one of wistfulness. For what are all these men and women who return from mature and dignified stations to indulge in a wild week of back-slapping, banner-waving, nickname-shouting, and costume-wearing, but a host of Conrads in Quest of Their Youth? And their return year after year testifies that most of them find it—for a few days at least. Though the few days are rather wearing to old bones, it is pleasant to bear back to the dusty places where our nicknames and our athletic victories were never heard of, the happy consciousness that youth is safely stored among certain familiar scenes, packed between venerable brick walls, hidden behind memorial gates, reposing beneath ancestral elms. And the more distant the date that labels the year of their youth, the more wistfully do the Conrads flock back to find it and the more triumphantly they celebrate its discovery.

Most fathers recognize this as one of the advantages they confer on their sons with a college education, giving their youth a local habitation where it may be found and a name by which it may be called. And the number who seek this among other benefits of college is increasing so rapidly as to embarrass very gravely the colleges, who are yet unprepared to be the storehouses of so much youth.

Meanwhile something that the new fashions in education and psychology hold more important still is being lost to us for lack of that local habitation which shall keep it safe. Our youth may be labeled Harvard 1901 and kept in cold storage by Hollis or Holworthy, but where shall we find our childhood? In these days when we move from apartment to apartment, from city to city, and coast to coast, where shall we find the children who played in streets unknown to our middle-aged acquaintances, or even the luckier ones who played in backyards now covered by business blocks, or indeed those happiest of all who played in pastures that sound like improbable fiction to those who know us today? To piece together our childhood experience would take us back to a dozen temporary lodgings, some of which we should not recognize if we saw them in the hands of progress. The few who knew our old haunts, our nicknames, and our old jokes are scattered over the world in these fast-moving days. The children we were are lost children.

And our children run an even greater risk of being lost. We are so eager to make them into efficient adults that we forget to insure their childhood. Indeed we hardly give them a childhood worth finding. In every hour of their day we are concentrating on making them good business men or good hostesses, good golf players or good violin players (both if we are to be truly proud parents) good citizens and good horse-back riders and good dancers, when they will have grown up. So the days of imagination and adventure are divided into study hours toward college entrance examinations, dancing lessons toward social success, tennis lessons toward country club tournaments, until there is no room for childhood. It is not childhood we are giving them but "advantages," and advantages are luxuries which must be pursued from city to city wherever schools are most progressive and dentists most expert and social futures most bright and, more than all, where jobs are most lucrative so that father may afford yet more advantage to be pursued from city to city.

I once heard a little girl of eleven read a theme aloud in a very excellent school which her parents had moved across a continent to let her attend. It was The Story of My Life. It was a most eventful one and ended with the summary, "So this is the story of my life. You see I have lived in seven cities and three beaches and since I came to Milton I have moved three times. Now I live on Canton Avenue. I am eleven years old and I am not dead yet."—Which shows that we are a hardy race! But our hardihood will not find us our lost children.

I am not making an appeal for the old homestead where generation after generation remained. Ad-

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venture and progress are the most vital parts of our inheritance and I do not regret the provincial moss that has been rubbed off during this Rolling Stone Age. But in the short years of childhood, adventure and progress are abundant within very narrow limits. A trip on a load of hay may be a truer adventure to a six year old than a trip to Europe. And the place wherein the adventures have happened will be forever precious because it will hold his childhood. I am heretic enough to believe that his parents, if they give him such a place to remember, will enrich his life more than by an equal expenditure in "advantages."

My neighbor is a professor in a very modest college. Like certain persons depicted by George Boas in a recent article, I am not deceived about his salary, but he can afford to build a fence about his children's childhood so that it shall be safe against loss. The children themselves are helping him. It is a picket fence quite in keeping with the old salt-box house that it surrounds, and yesterday they were all out painting it white. There were four paint pots and four brushes in operation at different points along the fence. The baby had to be fought off because there were not enough brushes, but he was stirring his father's pot with a piece of shingle. None of them, while they can look upon that fence will lose the memory of the warm June day when they helped father to paint it white—the joyous competition for speed and prowess with the brush, the beauty of paint being stirred into creamy whiteness, the clean smell of turpentine, and the sweeter smell of roses blooming against the warm ground where the old vines had been laid back while the fence was decorated, father's laughing admonitions and coveted praises, and mother's face of consternation when they all came trooping in with paint in their hair. There was much squealing before it was all washed out and tremendous humor about growing white-headed in a single morning. And so the fence is painted forever into the picture of four lives, and even though the paint wears off its pickets and their heads become white in no humorous sense, the children who painted it will be safe. For however they may drift in after years, their childhood is securely anchored.

Against the day when four grown-ups will stray back to find their lost children, four little ghosts will linger within that fence, which they once painted so ardently. Each spring they will reënact the annual tour of discovery which always opened the holidays, exclaiming over the long shoots which the cedars by the kitchen door have put forth this year, finding violets in the grass, hushing each other when they find that a robin has built in the pear tree and a wren in the old squirrel hole over the porch—and receiving back their little house from the wild things that have possessed it while they have been delving in books all winter. In summer they will be busy with the lawn-mower and the four competitive gardens, battlegrounds of triumph and tragedy as all gardens must be. And in the fall before school begins, the grapes will be hanging in fragrant clusters from the sagging old arbor and the days of harvest will be the best of all because they are shadowed by a foreknowledge of the day when the little house will be shut up for a lonely winter. Only four people in the world will be able to tell twenty years from now what those little ghosts do and say, and those four will forget unless they return now and then to the haunted scene. When they do, it will be an event no less momentous than a college reunion. There may be less noise and tumult, but there will be even greater satisfaction when four little ghosts run from behind the picket fence to greet them and lead them into old adventures and "the glory and the brightness of a dream."

The wisdom of my own parents provided that I should be one of those who know the delight of reunions with their childhood. My father's salary did not exceed that of my neighbor, the college professor: he did not have the advantage of the professor's summer vacations to spend with his family in the country. But remembering enough of his own childhood as the son of a country minister, he had a conviction of the kind of childhood his children needed. It did not include country club memberships or a dancing class that led directly to a correct débutante set or private schools that should insure the purity of their speech and their acquaintances. But for his four children, handicapped by being born in the city where childhood is a precarious growth, he knew he must provide an island of refuge.

We were all with him on the day when he discovered it. For Father and Mother had taken us all out into the country on that memorable Sunday when we first beheld the little house, lodged snugly on a Connecticut hill-top and looking with its pent-roof like a small Noah's ark landed on a miniature Ararat. It was anchored to the hill with ropes of honeysuckle and fenced about with lilac bushes that tossed their purple foam against the very eaves. The square stone chimney told us that it was very old, and dark eerie windows peering through the maple boughs told us it was deserted and waiting like a sleeping princess for a new adventure to wake it to life. So we entered in with cries of glee and took possession.

We could not call in an army of workmen, much less a corps of "decorators" to "renovate" it. We did it ourselves. We painted and wall-papered and pounded away together. We learned what fun it is to pull your drinking water in a bucket and to take your bath in a "hat bath-tub" handed down from the days of Father's youth. When an occasional expert was called in to shingle the roof or rebuild the cistern, he became an event in our lives and working with him added to our technical accomplishments and our valued friendships. Thus we built our childhood into the little house.

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And beyond the house was the orchard with old trees to climb and apples to pick. And beyond the orchard were the stone walls, and beyond the stone walls, the woods, deep with mystery into which we explored, and the brook, a world of intense and various life, which became our own.

To return to it all, week-end after week-end, summer after summer, with Father coming back and forth to share the delights he was working to give us, deepened the experience with each joyous repetition. To go to a new summer resort each year or a new camp, or to make a new European tour, robs a child of this sense of possession in his surroundings. He never remains long enough to enter into them and give them some of himself. He cannot experience that proud intimacy which comes with a return to a place that is just a little lovelier because you were there last summer. He knows only the thrill of novelty that tempts him to become a mere spectator of life, not a creator. For the beauty of American life we need creators, and for our own contentment we need creative childhood.

It is not part of my proof that it must be in the country, though if childhood is robbed of its contact with earth, it must surely be weakened. And parents must contrive more and give more of themselves to compensate a child deprived of these natural materials of childhood. If there is room in a city apartment for a workbench at which father and son are joint creators, or if one can hold a back-yard garden against encroachment; if a family can make the park their own without the contamination of nurses, there is hope of saving some childhood in the city. Parts of my own childhood are in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, as well as in Connecticut. I had them both for sixteen years. For what is needed most of all is some permanency, some continuous contact of childhood with a local habitation, until its scenes are not something to be looked over with the jaded eye of a tourist, but are full of reminiscence and promise, because of what they have been to the child and will be when he has molded them nearer his heart's desire.

In appreciation of what my father and mother gave to my childhood, I am dedicating a bit of Connecticut hillside to my own daughter. There her father and I are building her house and her garden and the gray stone walls which shall keep her childhood from being lost. It is very simple and far from complete. For she must help in completing it. Though she is only six months old, I have no doubt she is planning her part in it already as she lies watching the moving shadows thrown on her through the treetops. For her the great days are only beginning. They will not hold, to be sure, the "advantages" that I know were the lot of the little girl in Milton who had "lived in seven cities and three beaches." As for her, she is "not dead yet." But where will she, and the harried little souls like her, find their lost children?

ADELAIDE NICHOLS BAKER.

Washington Notes

EVERYBODY in touch with Republican politics who drifts in here during the August days, or from whom I hear or whom I see when I go afield, takes it for granted that Frank Lowden will have the Iowa delegation in the next Republican convention and that he will be a candidate. Furthermore and in addition, it is pretty generally recognized that it is the purpose of that lion-hearted and steadfast statesman of Indiana, the Hon. James Watson, to have his name presented by the delegation from his own state. You have only to recall the recent Republican convention in Indiana and the extraordinary control exercised by the noble James over that assemblage of Kleagles to realize that in all human probability he will be able to do it. Moreover, if the reports I get are well founded —and I think they are—there will be other and sundry favorite son candidates who will figure in the balloting. I take no stock in Dawes, but Lowden is apt to have Illinois as well as Iowa to start with. Both are his home states and if he wants those delegations he will get them.

He would of course repudiate the idea, but it is nevertheless the fact that certain preliminary lines have been laid by those close to him looking toward getting the Ohio delegation for the back-slapping, bull-throwing Nick. If he gets no further the amiable Speaker would dearly love to have his name presented by his state next time. It would be a compliment he would highly esteem. So would his charming wife. They are both out to get the compliment and as much more along the line as they can. Make no mistake about that. Personally, I take the Honorable Longworth not much more seriously than I do the Honorable Dawes, but I admit his chances are better. Likewise, if the Honorable Wadsworth does not break his political neck over the high hurdles he has to take this fall and comes through with a good majority. I shall be greatly surprised if he too does not seek the compliment of having his great native state offer his name for the highest office we have. And there will be other compliment seekers. The idea given me is that it is going to be a great complimentary convention for Republican leaders in various sections. Quite a number are going to try to get themselves complimented in this way. Some will be satisfied with a one state compliment and others will try to multiply the states and magnificently compliment themselves with the nomination.

That there is such a movement afoot in the Republican party, that a considerable number of our foremost friends in the Senate and out have hankerings of this sort and are planning to gratify them as fully as possible will not be disputed by any person in touch with these gentlemen. Some of them make no secret of the fact in private conversation. Others admit it even more clearly by the deprecatory way in which they deal with the suggestion—but the purpose is there and some of the more freehanded among the "boys of the press" who are not exposed to the Adirondack air are beginning to hint it in their despatches more or less plainly. In this place some weeks ago—to be exact, about the time Congress adjourned—I expressed my belief that there was on foot a very strong

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movement within his party to sidetrack or shelve the good Calvin and that it seemed to me it promised to be a successful one. The recent developments along the favorite son line, the expression of his belief by Senator Cummins that Mr. Coolidge would not seek another nomination, the close companionship between the noble Nick and the astute Slemp—along with several other things tend to confirm me in this view.

Of course I appreciate, as is now being said by some of the anointed members of the writing squad employed by the thick-and-thin administration papers and periodicals, that it is possible the popularity of the President in 1928 will still be great enough to frustrate the low machinations of the politicians of his party and they will be compelled to name him again. I concede that is possible just as I concede most anything is possible, but I believe it is not probable and is getting less so all the time. What is happening now is perfectly obvious. Those party leaders in the Senate and outside who have never ceased to resent the inadequacy of Mr. Coolidge and the marvelous manner in which he has lasted, are arranging for an open field in the next convention. They have no idea of centring on any candidate, will be satisfied to fight the thing out in the convention. The main idea is to keep the good Calvin from getting the nomination by default, to block this little game of his so successfully played since his Northampton days, of sitting still and having things handed to him. It is not, these Old Guard boys tell me, going to work this time. They may be fooled, but it is their present purpose not to nominate the good Cal and steps are being taken in that direction—and I know it.

It is interesting, it seems to me, this speculation about the Republican nomination next time—and not too early. Personally I very much hope these sturdy fellows who are plotting for an open field and a free fight do not drop by the wayside or get discouraged. It will at least make the convention worth while as a spectacle. The last one was as dull and deadly as it was possible to make it. Only the valiant delegates from Wisconsin enabled me to stand it at all. They did flash once or twice. In any event we will not have to bear with the pious Pepper in the next convention. I remember so well the unctuous and godly air with which he read his resolution. There are some things to be thankful for after all. Actually, as it seems to me, the President's big handicap is that he will not have anyone to make the preliminary fight for him next time. The question as to whether this would be his second or third term is so open to doubt that he is debarred from going after it man fashion, even if that were his way. He must wait for the demand and that isn't all—he has to have some capable group of politicians allied with him who are sufficiently interested to take the Presidential patronage power, go out and line up the states for him.

Where he is going to get such a group I don't know. I don't believe Curtis will do it, or Smoot or Warren or Watson. Some time ago it was suggested in the estimable New York World that perhaps Slemp would be taken back into favor and again delegated the task of lining up the African delegations in the South, in which job he achieved such complete success three years ago, only to have his high hopes of being Chairman of the National Committee ruthlessly ruined after he had corralled his colored pets at Cleveland. It would be too ridiculous as well as too overt, it seems to me, for Mr. Coolidge to place himself in the Slemp hands again—although, do not mistake me, I think Slemp would yield if properly approached. Perhaps the President could get Doctor Fess, the sage of Antioch and champion of the Anti-Saloon League, from Ohio.

I haven't mentioned Senator Butler of Massachusetts, who is closer to Mr. Coolidge than any man in public life, not only because Senator Butler may be among the politically missing after November, but because even if he survives, his ineptness in dealing with politicians and lack of popularity with party leaders is so generally recognized that he would be a liability, not an asset. Further, most politicians and political observers agree that should Mr. Butler lose the election in Massachusetts—and while the chances are with him, still he may—the Coolidge prospects would about vanish. To have his own friend repudiated by his own state with the whole fight based on the old "stand by the President" issue would be a blow from which he would not recover.

The ponderous pronouncement of the modest Mr. Richard Washburn Child, made some weeks ago at the close of his visit to the summer White House, to the broad general effect that the people yearn for Mr.Coolidge more than before and that he will be a candidate to succeed himself is among the things, it seems to me, that do not matter. They were played up naturally enough by the news-hungry correspondents at Paul Smith's hotel, who are there for that purpose, but what in the name of goodness did anyone expect from Mr. Child, anyway? What has he done since he came back from Europe except indite long and highly eulogistic articles about Mr. Coolidge for Mr. Curtis's Saturday Evening Post, based on his observance of the President on board the Mayflower and as a White House guest? He has written thousands of effusive and enthusiastic words about Mr. Coolidge at work. If in from six to eight weeks—the period necessary for the Post to produce—we are not regaled with another oleaginous article from the fluent pen of Mr. Child about the President at play, accompanied by appropriate cartoons and pictures, then I will agree to bob my whiskers, buy a pair of spats, purchase a walking stick, and myself seek a job as a lowly oiler of the Coolidge-Mellon propaganda machine.

Meanwhile serene, solemn, sedate, Mr. Coolidge sits and waits in the Adirondacks as unperturbed by the sad results of our foreign policy as he is by the devilish plottings of his political enemies. Why should he worry? If he does not get a vote in the next convention considering what he is and from where he started and what he has done, he is so far ahead of the political game as always to be to those who see him clearly the political marvel of all time.

T. R. B.

Washington.

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Spanish Notes—Fantastic

Old Forms

LOOKING at the fine garden of the Generalife you would not know what a humorous piece of Latin logic and Latin legalism has happened there of late. The long walk of cypress trees and roses from the Alhambra palace and the palace of Charles V passes through a gate heavy with laurel and oleander boughs overhead and leads us presently to that famous courtyard of the fountains, with the channel of water, three hundred feet long perhaps, into which at a distance of every thirty feet, jets of water play, two and two, opposite each other, so that there is a little arbor built of glittering water from the arcade at one end to the arcade at the other. There is a stairway, too, Arab in structure and perfectly preserved, which leads downward from the Mirador. On either side there is a balustrade made of a stream of water lifted three feet from the ground, with landings at intervals, on which are round basins of water with high, strong jets, the last of all throwing now much too high into the uncut laurel trees.

The Generalife belonged to the Moorish kings and was their summer residence. By the end of the fifteenth century they were already renovating it. Isabella the Catholic, the Moorish kings driven out of Granada and the cross set there instead, ordered new stories built on this pleasant house and fanciful enlargements to the grounds.

But to assure this further luxury in such a place, Isabella and King Ferdinand, with all their ambitious designs in their conquered domain, had not money enough. They borrowed from a certain rich family of Genoa. A mortgage was arranged, Queen Isabella died, and the property went to the Genoese, and became Italian, since the loan had never been made good. During all these years, then, the Generalife, there overlooking Granada and leading into the gardens of the Alhambra, has been Italian. There were no dues to Spain. Children born there were free of military service. With proper evidence of such a birth your son need never be conscripted and waste the flowering years of his young manhood in the army, as my landlady explains to me. And so not infrequently some designing mother arranged to go there, not to the palace certainly, but to some house on the estate, and bring her child into the world.

But these last two years, as my landlady says, all that has been changed. The Generalife is Spanish, you buy tickets to see it, and the young man born there serves the king, like everybody else.

Delicate Rights

In Andalusia there is only goat's milk for the world. Cows exist and cow's milk is advertised at times, but the goat provides quite universally. Goat's milk is given to the babies, to those who drink tea, to the hosts of such as take coffee and milk in the morning, evening and night; and goat's milk goes into the mantecado, an admired ice whose taste may best be passed over in silence.

The charms of the goat, I say to my landlady, consist not only in their pretty heads and trim, clicking little feet, and their extreme good health and hardihood, but also in the fact that they will eat anything, are better scavengers than the White Wings of New York, and need no thought or care as to their nourishment.

But no, my friend tells me, there I am wrong. In this place, it seems, where the goat is revered, as they said of Apollo or Diana or Venus Generatrix in the Grecian towns, in this place where the goat is a presiding deity so to speak, she becomes very particular. She will eat nothing that is not choice and carefully provided.

Rewards of Virtue

If Christianity did a great thing for love when it made it a sin, as Anatole France remarks, the course of religious pieties and foundations has not been lacking in sane and comfortable human rights and manœuvres. In this excellent country of Spain there is Poblet, once the burial place of the kings of Aragon, now, after the ravages of the revolutionaries of two generations ago and the confiscation of the monastery, a ruin. But at one time Poblet was unbelievably rich, with fat lands, vast treasures and every perquisite of luxurious pleasure for the good monks there. The story, for example, seems perfectly authenticated, that one day the monks having been promised a brace of partridges each for dinner and been served only quails instead, refused to go to the choir and say the mass. At Zaragoza there is the celebrated Virgin del Pilar. She was given to St. James the Greater, together with a pillar, which the angels accompanying the Virgin were carrying when she discovered the Saint praying one day by the river Ebro. When the French besieged Zaragoza in the year 1808 and the citizens defended their town so magnificently, the Virgin led the troops; and for this in 1908, on the hundredth anniversary of the siege, she was promoted to be a Captain-General of the Spanish Army, an honor that it was felt she had long merited. In her chapel you see her dressed in every splendor of gold, silver and jewels. So patriotic, anti-French and military has this Virgin become that a maidservant of a friend of Mr. Royall Tyler's, as he tells us in his book, bought a chromo one day at a fair of General Esparto, much set out in uniform and medals, and brought it home happily, thinking it to be the Virgin del Pilar.

In Catalonian Ampurias, the Emporium of the Greeks, the fishermen for years grew rich from smuggling. When Spain was being set in order and made into one nation, not so many years ago, this crime had of course to be suppressed. An army was sent to their smuggling centre, Cadaqués, where the church used to be so crowded with contraband tobacco that there was no room for the congregation.

Good King Ferdinands

When you look at the portraits of Ferdinand and Isabella at Granada, in the chapel that their grandson, the Emperor Charles V, built for them, you are not so sure of all the beautiful things you dreamed of them in your school days, when your mind was full of those sails of Columbus's ships setting westward and of those jewels

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pawned by Isabella for the expenses of his doubtful vision. Ferdinand's face looks dark and tortured and not unworthy of the father of La Loca, that mad daughter of his who married the Austrian, whose bones when he died she carried about with her for years, and who was the mother of Charles and grandmother of Philip II. Isabella looks abler, more powerful and richer in imagination, though the face is strong with the lines of a fanatic's soul.

In our America the kindergartens and the high schools teach us of this queen and of her husband Ferdinand, making us honor them to a divine extent, as co-authors of our discovery. But there is another Ferdinand whose history the academies further up, college and university enthusiasts, might investigate. This is King Ferdinand VII, who was reigning at the beginning of Queen Victoria's century and Mr. Gladstone's. Three of his acts we may set down. He founded the great gallery of Prado. He closed the universities, and founded an academy of bullfighting.

STARK YOUNG.

"Peaches: A Humdinger"

THE National Winter Garden Burlesque has been subjected to a renovation since I wrote about it last summer. The poets, the artists and the smart magazines have been making it fashionable; and Mr. Minsky, the manager, feeling perhaps that the shabbiness of the old productions was unworthy of his new clientèle, has provided brighter and more elegant settings and a slenderer chorus with a fresh repertoire of costumes. He has also exercised a restraining taste on the traditional Winter Garden humor. There is even a rumor that a gifted representative of the non-commercial artistic theatre is to write and design a sketch for him. The National Winter Garden will, therefore, at this rate, soon be scarcely distinguishable from the Music Box Revue.

To find burlesque in its primitive form, one must go to the Olympic on Fourteenth Street. The Olympic, with more limited resources than the National Winter Garden, does not attempt to supply anything but the fundamentals of burlesque—that is, instalments of sidewalk conversation alternating with instalments of girls. As for the former, it is principally manufactured by three invariable comedians, who reappear time after time in front of the same prosaic backdrop advertising the Monte Carlo Spaghetti House, the Cabin Dancing Academy, the White Rats Tonsorial Parlors and the D. and S. Pants Shop. (An act like the Winter Garden's Antony and Cleopatra would be impossible at the Olympic.) Of these merry fellows and kings of fun, the leader is, of course, a spruce young man with a clean-shaven face and a straw hat. But, whereas, at the National Winter Garden in its present phase, this rôle is filled by a comparatively prepossessing individual akin to the conventional hero of musical comedy, the straight comedian at the Olympic follows the true burlesque tradition by creating the impression, in spite of his neatly pressed clothes which contrast with those of his disreputable companions, that he is the greatest rogue of the three. The brutality of his jests at their expense is reinforced by a large square frame and by a wide set of strong white teeth, which, for completeness and regularity, suggest the detached carnivorous jaws that used to be exhibited by cheap dentists. The other two, the low, comedians have the aspect of unhappy monstrosities: one, with the dwarfish stature and big head, the staring, honest, toil-toughened face of a German gnome or nibelung, embarks on all his comic adventures with the utmost solemnity and, when they end in bewilderment or disaster, apostrophizes the audience in Yiddish on a note of earnest anger or complaint. The other, more nondescript and stunted still, dressed in clothes which like those of a trained chimpanzee disconcert us by his inability to wear them properly, reveals no human expression at all, but only a heavy and cretinous mask, in which the closed-up slits of the eyes give him the appearance of some helpless abortion in whom the faculty of sight has scarcely been developed. The actual comedy of these three artists suffers, however, from a poverty of invention: I subjoin examples of their most popular vein. One of the Girls: "I'm in love! I'm gonta jump off the Brooklyn Bridge!" The Man with the Straw Hat: "Don't do that: you'll get the water dirty!" The Man with the Straw Hat, who is trying to play a cornet, addressing the Gnome: "Say, don't look at me! Don't look at me! I can't play when you look at me! Say, you've got the kind of face that only a mother could love! If I had a dog with a face like that, I'd shootum!"

The main thing, however, is the girls. The Olympic, unlike the National Winter Garden but like Mr. Earl Carroll's Vanities, is equipped with a double runway. This runway, though it is studded on the inside edge with a row of pink electric-light bulbs, has the aspect—to which, besides, the general appearance of the theatre and the audience of men in their shirt-sleeves contribute—of some sort of bowling alley; but it provides, none the less, the principal source of excitement and romance. The leading women, with their sinewy thighs and their muscular abdomens, have learned the rhythmic contortions of the stomach-dance; and the chorus follow them with such shaking of breasts and hips as they can manage; some, admitted evidently for their beauty rather than for their gifts, are too stolid or too untrained to dance at all and merely parade back and forth on the runway, smiling down on the audience. But all have the same powerful effect on the patrons of the house.

What most strikes one at first, however, when one is new to the Olympic, is the apparent indifference of the spectators: they sit in silence, without smiling and without any sign of admiration toward the glittering seductresses who stand on a level with their shoulders and who address them so heartily. Even when the girls have withdrawn from the runway and gone back on the stage, the audience do not applaud; and one assumes that the act has been a failure. But, as soon as the girls have disappeared behind the scenes and the comedians come on for the next skit, the men begin to clap on an accent which is less a tribute of enthusiasm than a shy but formal conventional summons for the girls to come back again. This is repeated from four to six times for every number in the show. The audience never betray their satisfaction so long as they are in the presence of the girls; it is only

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when the number seems to be over that they signify their desire to renew it. In one of their choruses, the Olympic girls appear with fishing-rods and lines and dangle pretzels under the noses of the audience (the leading ladies have small lemons); when this has gone on for some time, the spectators, who have hitherto remained stolid, begin suddenly grabbing at the pretzels, like frogs who have decided to strike at a piece of red flannel, or like cats who, after simulating apathy while watching a cork on a string, finally pounce upon it. When they catch them, however, they do not either detach them or playfully refuse to let them go: at the first jerk which the girl gives her line, they release it and relapse into impassivity. The truth is that, in the presence of these gorgeous, abundant and bacchantic creatures, they are embarrassed by a kind of awe, as if before the rites of priestesses of Venus. The brazenly sexual dances, instead of debauching the dignity of the audience, have the effect of rendering them more solemn. They have come frankly for the gratification to be derived from these naked dances; but the embodiment of erotic ecstasy, when it is dazzlingly unveiled before them, even as they watch it in fascination, frightens them and renders them mute.

EDMUND WILSON.

CORRESPONDENCE

Women and Wages

SIR: In her review in your July 21 number of my book, Woman's Dilemma, Miss de Lima unconsciously makes a grave misstatement of fact. "Mrs. Parsons," she writes, "is further alarmed because the trend of wages appears to prove that men's wages are becoming increasingly inadequate for family needs. (Recent studies of Paul Douglas show the reverse.)" Miss de Lima's statement of my position lacks precision and her statement as to Mr. Douglas is incorrect. He is the author of various brilliant studies of the Family Extra-Wage, adopted because of the increasing inadequacy of the husband's wage as a family wage, in Belgium, Australia, Austria, Denmark, Czechoslovakia, Sweden, Switzerland, Spain and Japan, and already ardently advocated in Great Britain and the United States.

To be sure Mr. Douglas has also made a study in which he concludes that the trend of real wages is upward. But anyone familiar with the literature of the "dependent family" and the "family extra-wage" knows that even granted that the trend of real wages is upward, the husband's wage might still be growing increasingly inadequate to the family support in proportion as the woman's economic contribution to the family dwindles. Woman's contribution has dwindled gradually, of course, instead of completely ceasing with the building of the first factory of the Industrial Revolution, and so the Dependent Family has come over the horizon slowly, and has come first in those countries in which the conditions of subsistence are most onerous.

Now granted it is conceivable that men's real wages should rise high enough, though many economists question this, to compensate for the loss of women's economic contributions, recent studies show that they have not yet done so. And because they have not, various methods of bridging the gap in income have been proposed and are now in operation, perhaps the best known of them being Child Maintenance bills, Mothers' Pensions and the Family Extra-Wage. Although these plans all recognize that the withdrawal of woman's economic support is the cause of the difficulty, none of them seeks to restore this support. They are predicated on the theory that the community can be supported by the economic contributions of males alone, supposing the community wealth is distributed according to need. Yet never, so far as history records, has the community been maintained by the economic contributions of males alone. And I suggest that before advocating the adoption of plans that would throw the whole support on the male, studies be made to see if conditions have so changed that this is practicable. And pending the making of such studies, and even if they should, contrary to all the present evidence, prove this practicable, it is very much to the point to show, as I do, that the artificial limitation of woman's activities has reacted disadvantageously on her health and happiness.

Unwittingly Miss de Lima began her review with a poignant illustration of a family unable to subsist on the husband's wage. Her Passaic mill woman who chose the night shift in spite of its greater hardship, so that she could stay at home with her children during the daytime, because she had found her makeshift attempts to have others care for them wholly unsatisfactory, is a sufficiently ominous illustration of the dependent family. Other studies of American working communities, notably the recent one of a district of Philadelphia, will supply many more. Now it seems to me that this particular mother's solution of keeping her children in bed with her during the day could be improved upon, even granting that it is much easier to write plans than to put them into practice. Because it is easier to indicate the operations than to make them, do we build our skyscrapers without plans, or our subways?

Miss de Lima isn't satisfied with her Passaic woman's solution either, though it secures that close contact between mother and child that she advocates. But instead of considering its implications, she resorts to irony. "Seasoned feminists, of course," she says, "refuse to be shocked by stories of this kind. Indeed they almost welcome them as showing how irresistible is the march of modern industrial evolution." This particular seasoned feminist wholly disclaims any such ghoulish satisfaction in other people's sufferings. Nor do I welcome various other manifestations of modern industrial evolution. But I am realist enough to see that it is here, and to know that as long as the present system continues we shall be immensely the gainers if we adapt ourselves to it intelligently, changing it for our advantage where we can, and if we are sure we see the advantage, instead of shutting our eyes and pretending it isn't here.

Nowhere in my hundred-and-thirty-odd pages of practical suggestions for modernizing the home, to which Miss de Lima refers as "a few quick pages," do I suggest that the changes necessary to enable a woman to take her part in the industrial system without sacrificing the home, are easy, or that the woman who desires to start out tomorrow on a job and leave her children to other agencies for care during her working hours can press an electric button and find all difficulties immediately smoothed away. If the problem were so easy I shouldn't have wasted my time writing about it. But I am firmly convinced, and I offer to the reader at some length the grounds of my conviction, though Miss de Lima seems to have passed them by, and repeats after me all the questions I raise without adding any of the answers, that these changes are trivial indeed compared with the social, economic and mental disorders that arise from keeping a whole sex in a condition of economic parasitism.

South Nyack, N. Y. ALICE BEAL PARSONS.

SIR: My apologies are due to Mrs. Parsons if my parenthetical reference to Paul Douglas implied her lack of acquaintance with his studies of the dependent family problem abroad and family extra-wage method of dealing with it. My reference of course was to his recent American study showing the trend upward of men's wages during the past fifteen years—a trend that very materially does lessen the danger of dependent families, which except for plague spots like Passaic presents no very acute problem in this country.

My apparent quarrel with Mrs. Parsons, however, is not on the

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score of the economic contribution to be made by men or by women to their families. Certainly no intelligent person advocates the maintenance of an entire sex in a condition of economic parasitism, though the term is scarcely applicable to the millions of non-leisure class mothers who may not receive pay for their services in home-making and child-care, but whose services nevertheless have a substantial economic value as every mother discovers when she takes an outside job and has then to pay substitutes to perform her former duties.

However, it is also true that home-making and child-care in most families are only part-time jobs and that women's energies are running waste to a deplorable degree. And nobody has shown better than Mrs. Parsons to what fruitful uses women's powers might be put. The remedy however does not lie in throwing up the part-time home job for the full time outside one for no matter how efficient other agencies may become for child-care during the mother's working hours there still remain certain imponderable values neither economic nor physical in the mother-child relation which cannot lightly be dispensed with, values to which too many feminists are singularly blind. Indeed so intent have feminists been on their task of freeing women from the bonds of prejudice and exploitation, bonds inextricably bound up in the performance by women of their generic function as mothers, that the whole problem of children and their needs has been scantily dealt with when it has not been ignored entirely. Moreover it is not a question of conserving the major values of the home at the cost of the mother's own development. It is quite possible to introduce into the home a variety of creative enterprises which will have economic value as well. Pressure by women too might conceivably make industry more flexible as to hours and outside of the machine occupations, place of employment. Since the present trend is decidedly in favor of the short working day the time is not far distant perhaps when mothers can hold a full time outside job for four or five hours and still give their children the supervision and care that is their birthright.

Valley Cottage, N. Y. AGNES DE LIMA.

For Students of East and West

SIR: May I call the attention of your readers to the Oriental Student Conference to be held at Taylor Hall, Racine, Wisconsin, from the eighth to the fourteenth of this September. This Conference is the outgrowth of a house party for Oriental students given at Taylor Hall during the Christmas Holidays of 1925. The experience was so worth while that it was unanimously decided to repeat the experiment on a larger scale.

The Executive Committee has set forth the aims of the Conference as follows:

> (1) To provide an opportunity for Oriental students to come together for better acquaintance and fellowship.
>
> (2) To provide an opportunity for American students to acquaint themselves with Oriental students coming from a different cultural background, and to enjoy fellowship one with another, the Orient with the Occident, the Occident with the Orient.
>
> (3) To provide an opportunity for Americans engaged in religious, educational or commercial work to acquaint themselves with the ideas, attitudes and aspirations cherished by the youth alike of the Orient and the Occident, and to learn more about the reaction of the Orient to Occidental values of life and standards of culture.

There will be present at the conference some fifty Oriental students, and a number of American and European students and older people interested in the problems that are to be discussed. The plan of the Conference is simple and unique. The youth will do the thinking and the talking; the elders will "listen in." All points of view will be given a fair chance; indeed, the Chairman assures me that even the "leaders" will be called upon from time to time to present their point of view and the point of view of the generation whose legacy youth has to inherit. There is no set program. . . .

Chicago, Ill. CHARLES L. STREET.

The French Debt

SIR: To the Debt Appeal Sent By Intellectuals (New York Times, August 1, 1926) I find signed names of Frenchmen who have been my professors or my colleagues. I should have preferred to see the French original of this infelicitous message. But I have reason to trust the Times in such matters. It is, then, on the basis of the Times's translation that I make my reply.

During many years of teaching French in America I have studied France and things French with care, with thoughtful attention, with all possible sympathy. I, a native American, have visited France as soldier and as civilian, as a student and as a teacher. I have tried to know much; I have succeeded in pardoning much.

But certain statements and implications in that debt appeal seem to me to be open to question—more, to demand an answer. I cannot pass these over. I must break a tactfully self-imposed silence.

QUOTATION: "France . . . a peaceful nation . . . did not imagine in 1914 that war was possible . . . the conflict was not of our doing . . . we are guilty of nothing."

REPLY: The American intellectual, if he is to deserve the name rather than that of sentimentalist or of partisan, must allow and must weigh all credible evidence. There is a strong body of opinion, not lacking documentary support, that France planned for war during the opening years of the present century, and that she no less than Germany brought about the conflict in 1914. We are guilty of nothing, you say? An old truism must be the answer: fault was never found to be on one side only.

QUOTATION: "To permit your armies to intervene and to spare them . . . sacrifices . . . we were obliged to let our towns be annihilated and our families decimated."

REPLY: (a) *Permit* is surely not the word. Are the pleadings of Viviani and Joffre in Washington forgotten? These French representatives begged that American men be sent to serve on a French front. American men did fight, bleed and die in France and for France. Our troops were urged to enter, implored to enter. They did enter, gloriously. Here it is out of place to speak of *permission*.

(b) Sacrifices? What sacrifices were the American soldiers spared? Thousands sacrificed health—thousands more sacrificed life itself. And the Americans who served in France knew and have since known many other less obvious sacrifices. The French provincial press denies the helpful part played by American forces in the War. But the French provincial press now seems and has long seemed to be engaged in a deliberate campaign to vilify a generous America. Surely the French intellectual has no part in this; surely he deplores it no less than does the American intellectual.

(c) French towns were annihilated and French families decimated. That is regretted everywhere. But France cannot justly claim to have borne those inevitable horrors of war just to spare America sacrifices. This must be the first appearance of a new and (let us admit) a thoroughly ingenuous explanation of why France went to war.

QUOTATION: "We who have lost all, gold and blood, can we be asked to bind ourselves, we and our children, to give still more?"

REPLY: (a) Are gold and blood all? Do not the respect and the benevolent friendship of other nations count for much? Cannot thinking minds in France realize that these imponderables, too, will be lost to their nation unless they and their spokesmen abandon their misplaced propaganda of evasion?

(b) The query: Can we be asked to bind ourselves? No *bond* is asked of France except a bond to keep the peace. An upright sister nation hopes that the French people will do what any self-respecting individual must do: discharge honest debts. If the bond to keep or to further the peace is of interest to French intellectuals, let them realize that they can do much to help the world at large and to heal themselves and France in particular. How? First, by coöperating to improve their own understanding of a just and generous America. And then, by rightly interpreting that America to those among their own nationals who have not the intellectuals' opportunities to be well informed or to act wisely.

WILLIAM DOUB KERR.

New York, N. Y.

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The Pattern John Bull

The Life of William Cobbett, by G. D. H. Cole. New York: Harcourt Brace and Company. 458 pages. $4.
William Cobbett, by G. K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 254 pages. $2.
Robert Owen, by G. D. H. Cole. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 267 pages. $4.

THE pattern John Bull of his century, strong as the rhinoceros, and with singular humanities and genialities shining through his thick skin"; the description is Carlyle's and its justice is such that no American, nor other foreigner, can claim to understand or appreciate the best in England, unless he has also learned to understand and appreciate William Cobbett.

Nor is this less true because Cobbett represented a type which is practically extinct: the yeoman rooted to the soil, with passionate loyalties often expressed in passionate prejudices; for his revolutionary conservatism, his conception of all reform as the sweeping away of innovations and a return to decency thereby, is to a great extent typical in changed times of English rebels today. For emotionally, at least, we are Utopians, laudatores temporis acti, looking backwards rather than forwards to find our conception of a better state of society for the future. At heart the English socialist is a mediævalist rather than a Muscovite, he would rather sweep away the Industrial Revolution than capture its results, and even if he accepts "scientific socialism" and eschews "Utopian socialism" it is with a reluctance which leads to every sort of compromise.

Cobbett belongs to that select group of heroes who watch rising tides submerge all that they hold dear, not with resignation, but with indignation; in his life the Industrial Revolution with its rapid growth of population, its urban migration, its smoke, its new autocracy of capitalists, its new opportunities offset by its new tyrannies changed England's "green and pleasant land" into a host of "dark Satanic mills"; he hated the change and fought it. He saw the old name of "the commons of England" give way to "the lower orders," "the population," "the mob"; "in short by degrees beginning about fifty years ago the industrious part of the community, particularly those who create every useful thing by their labors, have been spoken of by everyone possessing the power to oppress them in any degree in just the same manner in which we speak of the animals which compose the stock upon a farm. This is not the manner in which the forefathers of us, the common people, were treated"; and this language was used not only by "tax-devourers, bankers, brewers, monopolists of every sort, but also from their clerks, from the very shopkeepers and waiters, and from the fribble stuck up behind the counter to do the business that ought to be done by a girl."

Here we have a typical example of Cobbett's outlook; Sir Ernest Benn in an article on economics for the layman recently laid down as one criterion of a sound economist that he should regard the Industrial Revolution as a blessing; Cobbett in this case is the antithesis of a sound economist. Nevertheless he has even higher claims to our sympathy.

Mr. Cole makes a very happy comparison between Cobbett and Walt Whitman:

> "Oneself I sing, a simple separate Person
> Yet utter the word Democratic, the word En Masse."
>
> As Whitman felt that he was Young America, Cobbett felt that he was Old England.

An episode in his life which will naturally appeal to Americans is his seven and a half years in America: nearly the whole of this time he was attacking somebody and showing a power of political satire which was later to place him among the finest writers of prose of his century. The names of his pamphlets describe their tenor: there was A Bone to Gnaw for the Democrats, A Kick for a Bite, and A Little Plain English addressed to the People of the United States, while he adopted as pseudonym the expressive title, Peter Porcupine.

At this time he was still conservative, but on his return to England he very soon found himself drifting into his true position as head of the radical movement. Yet he was in no sense in sympathy with many of the watchwords of radicalism as we of a later date understand them; for example, he held Wilberforce and the anti-slavery crusade in utter contempt: "You make your appeal in Piccadilly, London, among those who are wallowing in luxuries, proceeding from the labor of the people. You should have gone to the gravel pits, and made your appeal to the wretched creatures with bits of sacks round their shoulders, and with hay bands round their legs. . . . What an insult it is, and what an unfeeling, what a cold-blooded hypocrite must be he that can send it forth; what an insult to call upon people under the name of free British laborers: to appeal to them on behalf of black slaves, when these free British laborers, these poor mocked degraded wretches would be happy to lick the dishes and bowls, out of which the black slaves have breakfasted, dined, or supped." In the same way Catholic Emancipation, freedom of the press, education, parliamentary reform, none of them appealed to him as objects for a crusade, they were "causes" for people who wanted to remain respectable, his energy was to be poured out in attacking the abuses upon which even Pillars of Society, like Wilberforce, rested.

All this and much more is told by Mr. G. D. H. Cole in a biography which will remain a standard work for some time to come; for it is more than a record of events, more even than an excellent guide to the political history of the Industrial Revolution; it succeeds in making Cobbett's personality real and therefore in revealing the meaning of Carlyle's description. Moreover it will do much to reëstablish Cobbett's claim to literary eminence: the quotations are sufficiently long to ensure that The Rural Rides and the Advice to Young Men—"happiness ought to be your great object and it is to be found only in independence" is the keynote of that advice—shall be sought out and read again.

Mr. Chesterton's work contains a little too much of Chesterton and not enough of Cobbett; and this we suspect is partly because the living man might possibly have become for his generation what the dead man was for his. Indeed it is worth while suggesting that, apart altogether from the interest of Cobbett, these two books are interesting because of the nature of the biographers. Both of them are rather like their subject, and both are plainly attracted to it by what drawing-room jargonists call a transference of the ego. There are gay paradoxes and lively observations in the second and shorter book, but we prefer Mr. Cole's excellent solidity and his penetrating summary: "The history of William Cobbett is," he says, "in plain language, the spiritual history of the common people of his day—of their uprooting from the land of their fathers, of their un-

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ease and maladjustment under the new conditions thrust on them by the torrential flow of economic revolution. It is a history not of ideas, but of facts and feelings. Its culmination is precisely that which foolish folk so often deny to be possible—a change in human nature, or, at least, in the working of human nature under changed conditions of environment and control . . . He saw Reform bring, not the fruits he had hoped, but the swifter onrush of the things he hated and did not understand. But he kept to the end, as the greatest possession of his spirit, his abounding faith in the common rightness of the common people. And, if we must find his message, there it is."

Mr. Cole's other biography is a disappointment for it does not seem to have been written with the same concentration of interest which makes the life of Cobbett so excellent. Nevertheless Robert Owen should be studied at the same time, if only because the contrast between them helps the true perspective of their period. Cobbett cared little for the father of British Socialism. "A Mr. Owen of Lanark," he writes, "has it seems been before the committee with his schemes, which are nothing short of a species of monkery. This gentleman is for establishing innumerable communities of paupers! Each is to be resident in an enclosure, somewhat resembling a barrack establishment, only more extensive . . . I perceive that they are all to be under a very regular discipline; and that wonderful peace, happiness, and national benefit are to be the result! How the little matters of black eyes, bloody noses, and pulling of caps are to be settled, I do not exactly see . . . Adieu, Mr. Owen of Lanark."

Robert Owen's schemes did not please Cobbett any more than Mr. Sidney Webb would please him: but nevertheless Owen and Cobbett laid the foundations of the whole modern British Labor movement. Moreover, were he alive today Cobbett would have been in the same movement and on many of the same committees as Mr. Webb. If the reader ponders this a little he will be a step nearer understanding that curious phenomenon, the British Labor party; especially if he first reads Mr. Cole's two biographies.

JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES.

Party and Public

A History of the English People, 1815-1830, by Elie Halévy. Translated by E. I. Watkin. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 318 pages. $6.

IF we were to ask what quality characterizes French contributions to English studies the answer would be, interpretation. The French method is to set forth a definite thesis governing the mass of evidence which falls into definite relation to it. This method finds exposition in Taine's History of English Literature, in the work of Beljâme in the eighteenth century and of Legouis and Cazamian in the nineteenth, in Saurat's Milton and the Shelley of M. Maurois. The theory may be wrong in our view, but it is likely to be fresh and stimulating, and it gives to the work a classical firmness of outline and clearness of detail. M. Halévy, in writing A History of the English People, discards the accepted view of English history as a development of party government. He believes that the appearance towards the close of the nineteenth century of two leaders who gave solidarity to the parties of which they were respectively the heads has led us to read earlier history in the light of this phenomenon. He finds in the careers of Canning and Peel, who as Tories conspicuously carried out Whig policies, evidence of the fact that party was quite secondary to public opinion, and party responsibility an illusion. This public opinion was made by the country gentlemen, by business interests, by industrialists and their spokesmen the economists, by the increasingly self-conscious working class, above all by the religious bodies, established and dissenting. The immense importance of the latter in giving stability and equilibrium to the English social structure in times of revolution has never before been so fully recognized. "They offered," says M. Halévy, "an outlet by which the despair of the proletariat in times of hunger and misery, could find relief, opposed a peaceful barrier to the spread of revolutionary ideas, and supplied the want of legal control by the control of a despotic public opinion. Thus England was revealed as in very truth the country of self-government, the country which in the deepest sense—the moral and religious sense—of the phrase 'governs itself,' instead of being governed by an external authority." It is this theory which gives peculiar significance to M. Halévy's title—A History of the English People.

M. Halévy's first volume is in his own phrase descriptive history, an account of England in 1815, with an interpretation of the institutions which enabled her to pass the test of protracted war. In this second volume he turns to narrative, relating the events which marked the readjustment to conditions of peace without serious revolutionary upheavals. In this narrative, he confesses that he writes with the present in mind; and no reader will remain unaware of the parallels, not only to England in the first years after the World War but to other countries as well. In the first place there was the disillusionment with the results of the war. While most people accepted the treaties of Vienna, "a minority refused to recognize in the restoration of absolute monarchy in Spain and the return of the Bourbons to France the legitimate result of a war which had been, or ought to have been, waged on behalf of liberty." There was business reaction from the overproduction stimulated by the war. The unemployed stalked through a dozen cities, and held monster mass meetings. The farmers, in spite of the protection of the corn laws, were in a precarious situation. Much as today, they asked that the state should advance them loans on corn deposited in government warehouses, and grant bounties on exports. Financial questions in regard to treatment of a public debt of £800,000,000, of inflation of the currency, and of taxation, were immediately pressing. The Whigs forced the abandonment of the income tax in 1816; and in the shortage of revenue which followed, Ricardo proposed to deal with the public debt by a capital levy. After the resumption of specie payments, Lord Stanhope proposed that all debts contracted under the artificial currency should be scaled down in proportion to the increased value of money. To the workers, driven to desperation by their sufferings, the governing class opposed a firm front. The withdrawal of rights which Englishmen had possessed from the time of Magna Carta was accomplished with singularly little difficulty. The Six Acts limited attendance at public meetings called with the object of discussing any grievance of a public character to residents of the parish where it was held, and prohibited all meetings whose object was "to alter the state of the law otherwise than by the authority of Parliament, or which were calculated to excite hatred or contempt of the King, the Government, or the Constitution." Censorship of the press was brought about by a ruinous stamp tax on periodicals, by which Cob-

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bett's Political Register was suppressed. Intellectually the reaction showed itself in a fanatical fundamentalism. "A magistrate refused his sanction to a mineralogical society on the pretext that the study of mineralogy led to atheism."

The story of the breaking up of the reaction is the main argument for M. Halévy's thesis. The Tories were in power during the entire period. For the first half Castlereagh and Sidmouth were the active forces in the cabinet, and their names are execrated as synonymous with the white terror of those days. But Castlereagh, at least, was free from panic, and gave to the Six Acts a contemptuous consent as a concession to the general alarm. His suicide in 1822, and Sidmouth's retirement two years later, may be set down to the change in public opinion. Canning succeeded Castlereagh, bringing several of his followers, notably Huskisson, into the ministry; and under their administration long strides were taken in the direction of free trade. Peel was responsible for two great measures of reform, in banking and currency, and in codification of law, prescribing of legal procedure and mitigation of the penal code. Canning died in 1827, and after a brief interlude Wellington became Prime Minister, with Peel leader in the House of Commons. Then occurred the event which beyond others gives force to M. Halévy's theory of self-government in England. The release of Catholics from civil disabilities was a measure repugnant to Tories and Evangelicals alike, opposed by the historic prejudices of the English people and detested by the Crown; but Catholic emancipation was inevitable. It had to be done and it was done—by Peel and Wellington, against the will of their party and in spite of their own pledges. Again, had the two-party system been in force during this period we should expect to find the division along the line of Parliamentary reform, and extension of the franchise. In fact, interest in this question fluctuated with the economic condition of the country; the Whigs took it up and laid it aside as served their turn; and M. Halévy closes his narrative in 1830 with the great measure which two years later was to usher in a new period still below the horizon.

In his judgment of statesmen of the time, M. Halévy reflects his theory. Sir Robert Peel is to him not the man who twice betrayed his party, but, as he seemed to Carlyle, a wise interpreter of the underlying forces of which the mass of men are unconscious, and a courageous man of action in giving them effect. In a history of the English people M. Halévy necessarily subordinates foreign affairs. His views of the great foreign ministers, however, Castlereagh and Canning, are far less favorable than those put forward by Messrs. Webster and Temperley, in their recent volumes on these statesmen. He gives Castlereagh little credit for his assiduous devotion to the concert of Europe, promoted by successive congresses and conferences, and attributes his opposition to the Holy Alliance to a public opinion which he recognized as implacably hostile. "In short," he says, "Lord Castlereagh's policy in every step he took was fatal to the national prestige." This statement cannot be affirmed of Canning; but M. Halévy calls attention to the fact that Canning was saved from the error of supporting the Sultan against Russia, and necessarily against the Greek revolution, by Wellington's refusal to obey his instructions at the Congress of Verona. He notes the failure of Canning's support of the constitutional movements in Spain and Portugal, and the wholly fortuitous result of his Greek policy in the battle of Navarino, fought after his death. In regard to the South American revolutionary republics he let Adams beat him to it by the promulgation of the Monroe doctrine, and only retrieved his position by outstripping the United States in assurances of tangible support. On the whole, M. Halévy seems to hold the view that the chief value of Canning's vigorous and democratic foreign policy was to insure the popularity of the ministry at home and the support of liberal public opinion, which gave his colleagues a free hand in their reforms. Like Disraeli after him he gave to peace something of the excitement and glamor of war. Had he written ten years ago, M. Halévy confesses, he would have pardoned Canning for his dangerous decisions, but with the present memory of what war means he feels "an instinctive distrust of a statesman who made a career for himself out of diplomatic crises and who shone most brilliantly when the condition of the world was darkest."

The most striking parallel between the post-Napoleonic war period and the present, and one most germane to M. Halévy's thesis, was afforded by the emergence of Mr. Lloyd George, as the successor of Peel and Canning, inviting "the nation to follow him in discarding as outworn the formula of party government." Undoubtedly Mr. Lloyd George was a more formidable example in 1923, when M. Halévy wrote, than he is today. Nevertheless his career is still an open one. When M. Halévy, with engaging candor, puts it to his reader: "Has the spectacle of the present troubled my vision of the past, or, on the contrary, as I believe, has it enabled me to see the past more clearly as it really is?" one can only await the answer of the future, meanwhile applauding the skill with which he has developed his theory that the party system is one of the illusions of politics, and that the true interpretation of the nation's will is to be found elsewhere.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Prisons and Human Conduct

The Repression of Crime, by Harry Elmer Barnes. New York: George H. Doran Company. 382 pages. $2.50.

PROBABLY many people, when they pass the gray walls of a prison, have thoughts something like this: "Here is an old prison. To this place society sends its devils. Prisons are probably as old as the hills. I suppose there have always been prisons, and always will be. It's hard to think of a people, or a nation, without its system of imprisonment. The prison is the accepted and traditional way of handling criminals."

They will be in error. The prison is not the accepted and traditional way of handling criminals. It is a comparatively new way; it is, indeed, a modern development. Before prisons were established, many criminals were banished; they were outlawed and sent away. To America some thousand criminals a year were sent from England in colonial days; later the stream was diverted to Australia. Poetic punishments were popular in Europe for a long time; the thief had his hand cut off and the liar his tongue slit. Public degradation was employed; the stocks, the pillory and the ducking stool were devices for imposing that. Some nations sent their criminals to sea in the bottoms of ships, cruises keeping them away years. At one time capital punishment was used in England for two hundred offenses. Many means besides imprisonment have been used.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century imprisonment was unusual for criminals in general. Through the [illegible]th century it became more widely used. The con[illegible]he old Walnut Street jail in Philadelphia into a

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prison in 1790 marks the beginning of the prison system in this country. New York erected a state prison in 1796, New Jersey in 1798, Virginia in 1800, Vermont in 1808, and Maryland in 1812. Only a hundred years ago, therefore, did the prison system really get started in this country. Offenders are now being sent to prisons that were erected while the prison system was still novel.

Not that no prisons had existed before. Prisons are mentioned throughout recorded history. Doubtless cannibals, as Mr. Barnes points out, held their victims in crude stockades until it was time to prepare the meal; this was a kind of imprisonment. Through the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries religious and political offenders were imprisoned; so were debtors. But these were special groups. As a means of punishing the general run of criminals, imprisonment came much later.

The significance of this history is that the prison is not a traditional, age-old way of handling criminals. It does not trace its origins to antiquity. It is not a folk product; those who bow down to venerable custom need not bow down to prisons. It is a device, along with other devices, invented by society for treating convicted men and women. As a man-made product, we may ask the same question of it that we ask of other man-made products: Has it succeeded, or has it failed? If it has failed, we may change it, or abolish it, as seems wise.

Mr. Barnes traces the origin and growth of prisons in this country, using Pennsylvania as his main illustration. He is professor of historical sociology at Smith College. He served as historian to two prison inquiry commissions, those of New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and his book is a restatement of facts previously printed. Essentially historical in character, it is not primarily a volume on the repression of crime, as the title states, and it is in no sense "a scientific explanation of the crime wave," as the publishers quite unwarrantably describe it on the jacket. It is, nevertheless, a useful study, well worth reading by anyone who wants to see our ways of handling criminals rise and develop.

That the prison has failed there is no doubt. It does substantially nothing to improve the men and women who are sent to it, and yet the stream of people leaving prison is practically as large as the stream of people entering. That is a fact of which the American public continually loses sight. They forget that more than half of the people in prison are repeaters.

To the chapters on prisons Mr. Barnes has added a discussion of the growth of criminal codes and of court practices; these are among the most valuable parts of the book. Present-day criminal procedure is in for deep changes; the National Crime Commission, and state commissions, are at present recommending alterations, and from Mr. Barnes's book one may learn some of the reasons.

> Hitherto the question of the guilt of the accused has been the chief problem which has concerned court procedure, and criminal law has been largely devoted to an effort to fit the penalty to the crime. Both these concepts and objectives are totally renounced by modern criminal science.

What, then, is modern criminal science? Mr. Barnes describes it, and pleads for it. The present-day criminologist, he says, is a combination of biologist, psychiatrist, student of heredity and sociologist, who believes that crime, like all conduct, is the reaction of a particular per[illegible] to a particular environment, and that unless or[illegible] what that personality contains one[illegible] criminal individual nor prescribe treatment for him. The modern psychological approach to behavior is the approach of the specialist in criminal therapy. Not until our treatment of offenders recognizes this can we hope to send criminals back into society better men and women than when they were arrested. These pages in Mr. Barnes's book are incidental to the larger part, but they give it perspective and increased interest. Some of his sentences have a dogmatic ring that is unpleasant, but they are not so dogmatic as the assertions of many people who believe that the only way to protect society is to make criminals suffer and so make them hate society. Mr. Barnes's book is a good antidote to the contentiousness of those who want to keep the science of conduct away from the most pressing problems of human conduct there are in the world.

WINTHROP D. LANE.

The Espalier

The Espalier, by Sylvia Townsend Warner. New York: The Dial Press. 103 pages. $2.

MISS WARNER'S poems, at first glance little more than competently Georgian, are in fact of a far sturdier habit than much of the well made, rather uneventful and almost wholly masculine work bound up into Georgian anthologies for the past fifteen years. At her worst the echoes are detectable: moral disquisition in the last stanza, after the manner of Hardy, Davies's simple but hortatory air, de la Mare's fey touch. The usual poems concerning Rosa Luxemburg, Negro jazz, and the Versailles treaty are disheartening, and on one or two occasions she barely skirts the woman-sitting-in-a-room-looking-at-the-tea-cups poem so genuinely revered by crowds of the British women who write verse.

These defects cannot obscure the fine clarity of the rest of the book, where the thing in itself is given with the ease and precision of Wordsworth's earliest and best, or of Shelley's Widow Bird. Miss Warner does not set down directly a record of desire or grief. She does not repeat Charlotte Mew's passionate declamation, nor lash out with the whipping wit of Anna Wickham. Her poems have been put from her, possessed only as the eye possesses—held for a moment, then left, as quickly dropped—and field and tree shine in them as clearly as in any natural air. Green Pastures, In the Cotswolds and The Traveler Encountered are taken by this pure brightness.

The poems in the ballad spirit, at once objective and intense, are the most beautiful in the book. Here are the virtues that the ballad has in common with good prose—swiftness, economical gesture, emotion implicit in the event. The serenity and tenderness of Nelly Trim could have been encompassed only through the stern detachment that Miss Warner has imposed upon herself. The story is given without one shadow of sentiment, "nor mean, nor shame-faced"; women writing in English have never done finer.

Miss Warner's is not a talent chidden by itself, turned-in and sharp, but one that has health, fibre and appetite. She has a passion for solitude and sown ground; she has turned the key of the fields. The espalier has actual warm soil packed about its roots. Her humor is salt, rather than bitter. Throughout the book that note of hale unself-conscious bawdry of the old wives' tradition sounds, wherein, in spite of whatever censorious ears, women should [illegible]re often excel.

LOUISE BOGAN.

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More of Genji

The Sacred Tree, being the second part of The Tale of Genji, by Lady Murasaki. Translated from the Japanese by Arthur Waley. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

A VERY large part of the spell which the first volume of The Tale of Genji laid upon us was due to Mr. Waley's translation, which for familiar limpid poetry and easy grace takes precedence of any other modern English translation we can think of. In this second volume (there will be at least six in all; the third is already finished), Mr. Waley's share is as notable as ever, but somehow our interest lags in spite of us. The utter novelty, the charm, at once so childlike and so modern, of this tale of Japanese gallantry won us in the first volume, and we approach the second a trifle too greedily. It would be fairer to read this chronicle, in which what little story there is moves slowly, as if it were poetry, which indeed it is, and assimilate pages, rather than chapters at a time. Passages which when taken in the stride of an attempt to wind up the slender thread of narrative seem slightly boring, on rereading often have the quality of separate poems. Even so, there seems little doubt that volume two is not up to volume one. The Sacred Tree is by comparison a trifle diluted and gossipy. There are lovely bits, but the depth of tenderness, the small sudden pictures, passionate and calm, set swiftly, carelessly in an unforgettable frame of words, the touching sophistication, unlike anything else in literature—all these, which seemed to abound in the first volume, are rare in this one. A certain gait has been struck, apparently, a certain pattern is set, and once the initial shock of happy surprise has worn off, no other surprises so fresh and memorable are in store for us. We have to remind ourselves of the fact, which at first was always on our mind, that this book was written nine hundred years ago, when what little English was spoken in the world would almost certainly not have been understood by us. Strangely modern mixtures of feeling, a way of writing about what goes on inside people's heads which we had thought was born in the last few decades, seem a little too familiar now to excite all our wonder. It is still strange when Genji, out of the year 1000 A. D., talks like this:

> I get very little pleasure out of my life. I am just realizing that there is no point in any of the things I do. I have the feeling that I shall probably not be with you much longer. . . . That poet was a fool who prayed that he might know what happened to his mistress after he was gone. He cannot have cared much about her, or he would certainly rather not have known.

It is strange, but not as strange as it was.

So many more volumes are still forthcoming that it would be quite unfair to speculate, on the strength of these two, as to Genji's place in literature. "Classic" and "masterpiece" are large enough words to cover all sorts of things. If we call The Tale of Genji a "minor classic" we have only quibbled, but the description would not be inaccurate. Why isn't it more than that—with all its beauty, its memorable people, its charm, why isn't it that rara avis, a Great Book? Perhaps it is, but we for one find it, at times in the first, and most of the time in the second volume, just a little bit too mild and gentle.

R. I.

Gobineau's Fiction

Five Oriental Tales, by Comte de Gobineau, with a preface by Ernest Boyd. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

The Dancing Girl of Shamakha and other Asiatic tales, by Count de Gobineau. Authorized translation by Helen Morgenthau Fox. New York: Harcourt Brace and Company. $2.50.

LES NOUVELLES ASIATIQUES were first published in 1879, and were written by Gobineau after several years as ambassador to Persia, "not to show exclusively . . . the more or less conscious immorality of the Asiatics and their strong tendency to lie," but "to describe the bravery of some, the romantic ideas of others," and "how all are incomparably indolent and are absolute slaves of their impulses whether these are good or evil." Gobineau was apt to illustrate his theories by fiction: The Renaissance expresses the doctrine that the laws which bind the weak do not bind, and ought not to bind, the strong, and these Oriental tales elaborate Gobineau's belief that "men, everywhere, are essentially different." His philosophy attracted few followers, his fiction none, and those who wish to read this sort of story must turn to Gobineau himself, to either of these two almost simultaneous editions. They are equally good, the earlier one prefaced by the scholarship of Mr. Ernest Boyd, the later decorated with illustrations and a preface by the author, the translation of the former in slightly archaic language, that of the latter into a more modern diction. Never were stories less weighted by theory. Each, as Mr. Boyd points out, finishes by proving the exact reverse of what it was intended to prove. The result of Gobineau's science is apparent only in a sort of detachment, an objectivity of viewpoint, through which the scenes appear vignetted, the figures small and somewhat comic. Not so desirable a characteristic in a romantic love legend like The Lovers of Kandahar, it is one which makes a genre sketch like The Story of Gamber-Ali pointedly effective, and, above all, The War of the Turkomans satirically more hilarious than Arms and the Man. Brousson records that Anatole France disliked Gobineau's stories, which must have been the perverse, capricious Frenchman's way of recognizing an artistry akin to his own.

HELEN GOODSPEED.

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